



A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

VOL. I.

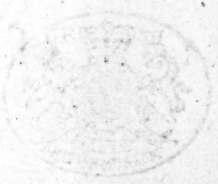




UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1891

COLLECTED BY



VOL. II

OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY  
SEVERAL HANDS.



LONDON: Printed by J. HUGHES,  
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MDCCCLXV.







## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE intent of the following Volumes is to preserve to the Public those poetical performances, which seemed to merit a longer remembrance than what would probably be secured to them by the MANNER wherein they were originally published. This design was first suggested to the Editor, as it was afterwards conducted, by the opinions of some Gentlemen, whose names it would do him the highest honour to mention. He desires in this place also to make his acknowledgments to the Authors of several pieces inserted in these Volumes, which were never before in print; and which, he is persuaded, would be thought to add credit to the most judicious collection of this kind in our language.

He hath nothing farther to premise, but that the Reader must not expect to be pleased with every particular poem which is here presented to him. It is impossible to furnish out an entertainment of this nature, where every part shall be relished by every guest: it will be sufficient, if nothing is set before him, but what has been approved by those of the most acknowledged taste.





ON THE  
PROSPECT OF PEACE,  
A P O E M.

To the LORD PRIVY-SEAL.

By Mr. TICKELL.

————— *Sacerdos*

*Fronde super MITRAM, et felici comptus olivâ. VIRO.*

C<sup>O</sup>ntending kings, and fields of death, too long  
Have been the subject of the British song.  
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramilia's plain,  
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain?

A 4

Exhausted



Exhausted themes! A gentler note I raise,  
 And sing returning Peace in softer lays.  
 Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,  
 I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade:  
 Disbanding hosts are imagin'd to my mind,  
 And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd;  
 While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,  
 And heav'n and ANNA bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our Queen her mitred BRISTOL forth,  
 For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth,  
 Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held  
 The Suede and Saxon from the dusty field;  
 Compleatly form'd, to heal the Christian wounds,  
 To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds;  
 The face of ravag'd nature to repair,  
 By leagues to soften earth, and heav'n by pray'r;  
 To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,  
 And make the crossier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with JEHOVAH's wand,  
 Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,  
 Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,  
 Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning streams to putrid gore;  
 Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,  
 And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou,

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,  
 To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,  
 (For next to thee, the man whom kings contend  
 To stifle companion, and to make their friend,  
 Great STRAFFORD, rich in every courtly grace,  
 With joyful pride accepts the second place,)  
 From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,  
 One hour, oh ! listen while the Muses sing.  
 Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,  
 With beating hearts, to learn their masters' fate,  
 One hour forbear to speak thy Queen's commands,  
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;  
 The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,  
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade,  
 Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,  
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

The haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,  
 Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.  
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,  
 And his proud bulwarks smoaking on the ground;  
 In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,  
 Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain;  
 As oft his legions did the fight decline,  
 Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.

Before

Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams ;  
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ,  
 On glory past reflects with secret pain,  
 On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's Queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,  
 To her his crowns and infant race commends,  
 Who grieves her fame with christian blood to buy,  
 Nor asks for glory at a price so high.  
 At her decree the war suspended stands,  
 And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands :  
 Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,  
 But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.  
 The Gauls, who never in their courts could find  
 Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,  
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view  
 In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,  
 At whose dire names ten thousand widows press'd  
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.  
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys,  
 They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.  
 Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,  
 Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends ;  
 In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,  
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.



Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,  
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound ;  
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,  
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.  
 The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,  
 The manly charms and honours of the war,  
 Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom,  
 And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,  
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,  
 And fighting bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,  
 O'erpay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;  
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,  
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.  
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,  
 When English valour English beauty fires ;  
 The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair  
 Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,  
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry wound ;  
 Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,  
 And smiles, and trembles, at his various fate.  
 Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,  
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,

Then

Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,  
 And mines that whirl'd battalions to the skies ;  
 His little list'ning progeny turn pale,  
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire atchievements sings the bard that tells  
 Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells ;  
 Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,  
 And cleave a giant at a random blow ;  
 Slay panymys vile, that force the fair ; and tame  
 The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,  
 To visit fields their valiant fathers won ;  
 From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,  
 Till fair Germania shews her blasted face.

Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,  
 Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd ;  
 Where Stepney grav'd the stone to ANNA's fame :  
 He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name ;  
 Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,  
 Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field ;  
 On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood,  
 The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood ;  
 When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,  
 But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng ;

Crowds

Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the wat'ry bed,  
And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands,  
A warlike courser on the canvas stands,  
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,  
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;  
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,  
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:  
So, Hostet seen, tumultuous passions roll,  
And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul;  
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,  
And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright,  
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,  
Content to see the horrors of the field  
By plough-shares levell'd, or in flow'rs conceal'd.  
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,  
And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine,  
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,  
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;  
While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,  
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man, (Oblivion blast his name,  
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame!)

Who



Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,  
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave ;  
 His neighbour's realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd,  
 In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd ;  
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,  
 And fitted murder to the rules of art ?

Ah ! curs'd ambition, to thy lures we owe  
 All the great ills that mortals bear below.  
 Curs'd by the hind, when to the spoil he yields  
 His year's whole sweat and vainly ripen'd fields ;  
 Curs'd by the maid, torn from her lover's side,  
 When left a widow, though not yet a bride ;  
 By mothers curs'd, when floods of tears they shed,  
 And scatter useless roses on the dead.  
 Oh sacred BRISTOL ! then what dangers prove  
 The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love ?  
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,  
 In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows ;  
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues  
 The gentle Poet and defenceless Muse.  
 A voice, like thine alone, might then assuage  
 The warrior's fury, and controul his rage ;  
 To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,  
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's stormy shore  
 The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar ;  
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,  
 Where Tartar-clans and grisly Cossacs reign ;  
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,  
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes ;  
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,  
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb ;  
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,  
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws  
 From pure religion, and impartial laws :  
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,  
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings :  
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,  
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus, (so the fable sings)  
 Awak'd by Nereids, from the Ocean springs ;  
 With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,  
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies ;  
 Light, o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,  
 The pearly couch and silver turtles bound ;  
 Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene  
 Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen ;  
 In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,  
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall ;  
 Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,  
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.  
 What bold invader, or what land oppress'd,  
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redress'd ?  
 Say, where have e'er her union-crosses fail'd,  
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd ?  
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cause,  
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws :  
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize ;  
 But 'tis a god-like work to civilize.

Have we forgot, how from great Russia's throne  
 The king, whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,  
 Whose scepter waving, with one shout rush forth  
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north ;  
 Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way,  
 To court our friendship, and our fame survey !  
 Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,  
 And round his empire spread the learned store,  
 (T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,  
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)

His



His bands now march in just array to war,  
 And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;  
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,  
 And wond'ring Volga hears the Muses sing,  
 Did not the painted kings of India greet  
 Our Queen, and lay their scepters at her feet?  
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,  
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft;  
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,  
 Nor bow'd to less than stars, or sun before:  
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,  
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!  
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!  
 Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence shine,  
 And ranges myriads under laws divine!  
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,  
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,  
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.  
 Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,  
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;  
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,  
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottoes shine;

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Where

Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,  
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.  
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,  
 To grace great ANNE's imperial diadem;  
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield  
 On faithful coins each memorable field;  
 Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,  
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike ANNA glow,  
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe;  
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,  
 Webb's firm platoon, and Lumly's faithful band!  
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies dress'd,  
 And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast;  
 Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,  
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.  
 And if the Muse, O BRISTOL, might decree,  
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,  
 The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,  
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.  
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail,  
 When English numbers, antiquated, fail:

A trifling

A trifling song the Muse can only yield,  
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the field;  
 To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,  
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.  
 From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms  
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes —  
 Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string:  
 Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled grotto! hail Elysian soil!  
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!  
 Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,  
 And beauty was content to shine unknown;  
 Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,  
 And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear;  
 The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,  
 The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.  
 Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen  
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,  
 In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,  
 And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades:  
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,  
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,  
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.



Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !  
 The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame ;  
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,  
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career ;  
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,  
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast ;  
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see  
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free ;  
 No cares henceforth shall ~~thy~~ repose destroy,  
 But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.

Sweet solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,  
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last ;  
 Toss'd through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)  
 Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.  
 Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,  
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span ;  
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,  
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far-distant climes shall come,  
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome ;  
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,  
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,  
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,  
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall ;

Heirs

Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board  
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword ;  
 Banners, that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,  
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls.  
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore  
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'als wore,  
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,  
 (Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)  
 Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,  
 And Gaul's fair flow'rs, in human crimson dy'd.  
 Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy  
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high ;  
 Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring charms,  
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms ;  
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,  
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,  
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,  
 The little loves in sport the faulchion wield,  
 Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield ;  
 One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embru'd,  
 And one the spear, that reeks in Typhon's blood ;  
 Another's infant brows the helm sustain,  
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'erblown;  
 Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on :  
 Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,  
 Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.  
 But oh ! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,  
 Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns ?  
 If your thin forms yet discontented moan,  
 And haunt the mangled mansions once your own ;  
 Behold what flow'rs the pious Muses strow,  
 And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow ;  
 Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,  
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,  
 And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound. }

Accept, great ANNE, the tears their mem'ry draws,  
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause :  
 For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,  
 Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.  
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day !  
 (But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)  
 Lamented triumphs ! when one breath must tell  
 That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dornier fell.

Great Queen ! whose name strikes haughty monarchs  
 On whose just scepter hangs Europa's scale ; [pale,  
 Whose



Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,  
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait;  
 From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand  
 Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,  
 So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,  
 Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.  
 Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,  
 And savage Indians swear by ANNA's name;  
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,  
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain  
 The wat'ry kingdoms, and controul the main;  
 Magellan's streights to Gibraltar they join,  
 Across the seas a formidable line;  
 The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,  
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore.  
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,  
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;  
 Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,  
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;  
 On either bank the land its master knows,  
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,  
 Stupendous form! the vast Coloffus stood,

(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride;  
 A whole hour's sail scarce reach the farther side)  
 Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,  
 Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By HARLEY's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd  
 To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.  
 In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,  
 Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,  
 Who boldly faithful met his sov'reign's frown,  
 And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.  
 His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,  
 And France still trembles at an Harley's name.  
 A fort so dreadful to our English shore,  
 Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,  
 Whose vast expences to such sums amount,  
 That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account:  
 Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast tow'rs restrain,  
 Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main;  
 His boast great LOUIS yields, and cheaply buys  
 Thy friendship, ANNA, with the mighty prize.  
 Holland repining and in grief cast down,  
 Sees the new glories of the British crown:  
 Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,  
 Nor foes more dreadful than the Gauls invite,

Soon

Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage  
 Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage,  
 To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,  
 Thy realm the sea o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,  
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise;  
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar  
 Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war;  
 Deny the curs'd blasphemer's tongue to rage,  
 And turn God's fury from an impious age.  
 Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand  
 Shall rear new temples in his native land;  
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,  
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold;  
 On her own works the pious Queen shall smile,  
 And turn her cares upon her fav'rite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,  
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,  
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,  
 And his red arm the forked vengeance flings;  
 At length, heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,  
 To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,  
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,  
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around



Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,  
 These guard the church, and those direct the state;  
 To BRISTOL, graceful in maternal tears,  
 The church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,  
 She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,  
 Defend her rights, and reinforce her laws,  
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,  
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our OXFORD's earl in careful thought shall stand,  
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking land.  
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'nous Spaniards known  
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own :  
 Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,  
 And keep the store with undefiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,  
 The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,  
 His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,  
 The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,  
 Her ancient pride shall ev'ry art renew;  
 (The arts with you, fam'd HARCOURT, shall defend,  
 And courtly BOLINGBROKE, the Muse's friend)  
 With piercing eye some search where nature plays,  
 And trace the wanton through her darksome maze ;

Whence

Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves begun,  
 How vital streams in circling eddies run.  
 Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance,  
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance :  
 How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,  
 And sun-born Iris paints her show'ry bow.  
 In happy chains our daring language bound,  
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,  
 But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,  
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage :  
 'Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands,  
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands :  
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine,  
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,  
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,  
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.  
 Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,  
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,  
 New tales shall now be told ; if right I see,  
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.  
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars  
 Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastic wars ;  
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name  
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame ;

With

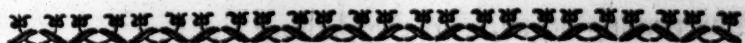
With Phillips shall the peaceful vallies ring,  
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing ;  
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,  
 To BRISTOL's praises shall his STRAFFORD's join :  
 He too, from whom attentive OXFORD draws  
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,  
 To growing bards his learned aid shall send,  
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.  
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays  
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,  
 Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,  
 And mine survive with BRISTOL's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,  
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,  
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,  
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream ;  
 In cloyster'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,  
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,  
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,  
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought ;  
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,  
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.  
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame  
 My eager breast to raise the British name ;

Urge



Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,  
To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd;  
See that bold swan to heav'n sublimely soar,  
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
**E A R L of W A R W I C K, &c.**

On the Death of Mr. ADDISON.

By the Same.

**I**F, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath staid,  
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;  
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!  
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:  
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!

How

How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!  
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;  
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!  
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,  
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,  
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;  
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;  
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,  
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,  
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,  
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)

Along

Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :  
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;  
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
 And saints, who taught, and led the way to heav'n.  
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;  
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?  
 A winged virtue, through th' etherial sky,  
 From world to world unwearied does he fly,  
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
 Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?  
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell,  
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?  
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?  
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?

Oh,



Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !  
 When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,  
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;  
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
 'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.  
 That awful form (which, so the heav'ns decree,  
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me)  
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
 Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes,  
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;  
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;  
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove :  
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,  
 Clear'd some great truths, or rais'd some serious song ;  
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend sincere ;  
 There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,  
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears !  
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze !  
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;  
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,  
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;  
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;  
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
 Oh ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,  
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,

Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,  
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
 And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.  
 Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell  
 In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell.  
 Farewel ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

~~XX~~

## COLIN AND LUCY.

By the Same.

### I.

**O**F Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,  
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
 Reflect a fairer face ;

### II.

'Till luckless love and pining care  
 Impair'd her rosy hue,  
 Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.

III. Ah !



III.

Ah! have you seen a lily pale  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye flatt'ring swains, beware!

V.

Three times all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn-boding sound,  
And thus in dying words bespoke  
The virgins weeping round.

VII.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
" That cries, I must not stay;  
" I see a hand you cannot see,  
" That beckons me away.

VIII.

“ Of a false swain, and broken heart,  
“ In early youth I die;  
“ Am I to blame, because the bride  
“ Is twice as rich as I?

IX.

“ Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,  
“ Vows due to me alone!  
“ Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kisses,  
“ Nor think him all thy own!

X:

“ To-morrow in the church to wed  
“ Impatient both prepare:  
“ But know, false man, and know, fond maid,  
“ Poor LUCY will be there.

XI.

“ Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,  
“ The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
“ He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
“ I in my winding-sheet.”

XII.

She spake, she dy'd, her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blith. to meet;  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

XIII. What

XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts;  
How were these nuptials kept?  
The bride-men flock'd round LUCY dead,  
And all the village wept.

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell:  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,  
The varying crimson fled;  
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,  
She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his LUCY's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
In the same mould, beneath one sod,  
For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay and true-love knots  
They deck the sacred green.



## XVIII.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd ground forbear !  
 Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him there.

~~XX~~

A N

I M I T A T I O N  
 O F T H E  
 P R O P H E C Y O F N E R E U S .

FROM HORACE, Book III. Ode XXV.

*Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc  
 Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis  
 Exsomnis stupet Evias,  
 Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam  
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro  
 Lustratam Rhodopen.——HOR.*

By the Same.

**A**S Mar his round one morning took,  
 (Whom some call earl, and some call duke)  
 And his new brethren of the blade,  
 Shiv'ring with fear and frost, survey'd,

On

On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy  
 An aged wizard six foot high,  
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,  
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grizly sage in thought profound  
 Beheld the chief with back so round,  
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro  
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,  
 And into these tremendous speeches  
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

Into what ills betray'd by thee,  
 This ancient kingdom do I see !  
 Her realms unpeopled and forlorn !  
 Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !  
 Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)  
 On Scottish pads shall amble home ;  
 I see them dress'd in bonnets blue,  
 (The spoils of thy rebellious crew)  
 I see the target cast away,  
 And chequer'd plad become their prey,  
 The chequer'd plad to make a gown  
 For many a lass in London town.

In vain the hungry mountaineers  
 Come forth in all their warlike geers,

The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,  
 In which they daily went to swagger ;  
 And oft have sally'd out to pillage  
 The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,  
 Or, while their neighbours were asleep,  
 Have carry'd off a low-land sheep.

What boots thy high-born host of beggars,  
 Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,  
 With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,  
 And Forster's troops of raggamuffins ?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,  
 Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy,  
 Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,  
 With heart so true, and voice so rusty,  
 (A loyal soul) thy troops affright,  
 While hoarsely he demands the fight ?  
 Do'st thou not gen'rous Ilay dread,  
 The bravest hand, the wisest head ?  
 Undaunted do'st thou hear th' alarms  
 Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms ?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down  
 From thanes and peers of high renown,  
 Fiery and young, and uncontrol'd,  
 With knights and squires, and barons bold,

(His



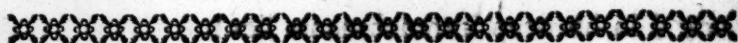
(His noble household-band) advances,  
 And on his milk-white courser prances.  
 Thee Forfar to the combat dares,  
 Grown swarthy in Iberian wars :  
 And Monroe kindled into rage  
 Sourly defies thee to engage ;  
 He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,  
 And horse to boot——if thou hadst any.

But see Argyle with watchful eyes,  
 Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies !  
 Couch'd like a lion in thy way,  
 He waits to spring upon his prey ;  
 While, like a herd of tim'rous deer,  
 Thy army shakes and pants with fear,  
 Led by their doughty gen'ral's skill,  
 From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is thus thy haughty promise paid  
 That to the Chevalier was made,  
 When thou didst oaths and duty barter  
 For dukedom, gen'ralship, and garter ?  
 Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,  
 With highland scepter in his hand,  
 Too good for his pretended birth.  
 —— Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

'Tis

'Tis so decreed: for GEORGE shall reign,  
 And traitors be forsworn in vain.  
 Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,  
 And bless him still with an Argyle.  
 While thou, pursu'd by vengeful foes,  
 Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,  
 And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,  
 Shalt burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky.



T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

At his COUNTRY SEAT.

By the Same.

**T**O Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,  
 Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,  
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours  
 To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;  
 To court thy pencil early at thy gates,  
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;

I

The

The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,  
 Implores thy aid to make her own secure;  
 The great, the fair, and (if aught nobler be,  
 Aught more belov'd) the Arts solicit thee.

How can'st thou hope to fly the world, in vain  
 From Europe sever'd by the circling main:  
 Sought by the kings of every distant land,  
 And every hero worthy of thy hand?  
 Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd  
 He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd;  
 That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place  
 Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?

See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,  
 Her failing arts, forlorn Hesperia mourns;  
 While Britain wins each garland from her brow,  
 Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,  
 (Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore,  
 Line after line with painful patience trace,  
 This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;  
 Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,  
 Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole!  
 Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,  
 And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.

Thee



Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,  
 (The kindest mistress and the surest guide)  
 To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,  
 And place the fairest in the fairest light.  
 Ere yet the pencil tries her nicer toils,  
 Or on the palette lie the blended oyls,  
 Thy careless chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,  
 And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,  
 Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound ;  
 Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,  
 All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage  
 That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdu'd by age ;  
 Though wealth nor fame now touch thy fated mind,  
 Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind,  
 Since after thee may rise an impious line,  
 Coarse manglers of the human face divine,  
 Paint on, till fate dissolve thy mortal part,  
 And live and die the monarch of thy art.



O N T H E

## Death of the Earl of C A D O G A N.

By the Same.

**O**F Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,  
 The last, CADOGAN to the grave descends :  
 Low lies each head whence Blenheim's glory sprung,  
 The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung.  
 From his cold corse though every friend be fled,  
 Lo ! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.  
 Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's herse to mourn ;  
 Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn ;  
 To blast the living, gave the dead their due,  
 And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd anew.  
 Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,  
 And lead to war thy country's growing race,  
 Take every wish a British heart can frame,  
 Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage  
 Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age :

Nor

Nor yet for this decline the gen'rous strife,  
 These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life;  
 Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,  
 Secure of fame, and justice in the grave.

Ah! no—when once the mortal yields to fate,  
 The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,  
 Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,  
 Or sooth the new inhabitant of light;  
 Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,  
 Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewel then fame, ill sought thro' fields of blood,  
 Farewel unfaithful promiser of good:  
 Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear!  
 Thou incense, wasted on the fun'ral bier!  
 Through life pursu'd in vain, by death obtain'd,  
 When ask'd, deny'd us, and when given, disdain'd.





A N

O D E

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the  
EARL OF SUNDERLAND AT WINDSOR;

By the Same.

I.

**T**HOU dome, where Edward first enroll'd  
His red-cross knights and barons bold,  
Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,  
Ambitious emperors have fought;  
Where Britain's foremost names are found,  
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,  
Who made the hostile nations moan,  
Or brought a blessing on their own:

II. Once

A N

## II.

Once more a son of SPENCER waits,  
 A name familiar to thy gates,  
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd  
 The garter while thy founder reign'd.  
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,  
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field.  
 Which in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,  
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

## III.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind,  
 To the fierce sons of war consign'd,  
 The flow'r of chivalry, who drew  
 With sinewy arm the stubborn yew;  
 Or with heav'd poll-axe clear'd the field;  
 Or who, in jousts and tourneys skill'd,  
 Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,  
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

## IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,  
 Our patriots in the list were join'd,  
 Nor only Warwick stain'd with blood,  
 Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,

Have

Have in their crimson crosses glow'd ;  
 But, on just law-givers bestow'd,  
 These emblems Cecil did invest,  
 And gleam'd on wife Godolphin's breast.

## V.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,  
 Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,  
 And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,  
 Bespangled with a thousand stars ;  
 'Till letter'd Athens round the pole  
 Made gentler constellations roll,  
 In the blue heavens the \* Lyre she strung,  
 And near the Maid the Balance hung.

## VI.

Then, SPENCER, mount amid the band,  
 Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.  
 What though the hero's flame repress'd  
 Burns calmly in thy generous breast ;  
 Yet who more dauntless to oppose  
 In doubtful days our home-bred foes ?  
 Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,  
 Or view'd with less desiring eye ?

\* Names of Constellations.



## VII.

The sage, who large of soul surveys  
 The globe, and all its empires weighs,  
 Watchful the various climes to guide,  
 Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,  
 A nobler name in Windsor's shrine  
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,  
 Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,  
 From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

## VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,  
 The rage that sets the world on flame?  
 My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind  
 Whose godlike bounty spares mankind:  
 For those, whom bloody garlands crown,  
 The brass may breathe, the marble frown;  
 To him, through every rescu'd land,  
 Ten thousand living trophies stand.



## KENSINGTON GARDEN.

By the Same.

*Campos, ubi Troja fuit.*

VIRG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands,  
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,  
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,  
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,  
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair  
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.  
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,  
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;  
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,  
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,  
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,  
And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.

D 2

Here

Here England's Daughter, darling of the land,  
 Sometimes, furrounded with her virgin band,  
 Gleams through the shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,  
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,  
 Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,  
 And charm a people to her Father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,  
 Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.  
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;  
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair  
 Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;  
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;  
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,  
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,  
 Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,  
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,  
 Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies:  
 If generous anguish for another's pains  
 E'er heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,  
 Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,  
 And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows,  
 Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,

Was,



Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,  
 A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave ;  
 The landskip now so sweet we well may praise,  
 But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,  
 Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground  
 With fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd.  
 Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,  
 Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;  
 For every hedge of vegetable green,  
 In happier years a crowded street was seen,  
 Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,  
 Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.  
 What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,  
 A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came  
 From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,  
 Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd  
 On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.  
 But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight  
 In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :  
 There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;  
 Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;  
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,  
 The distant murmurs of the falling rill.

They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,  
 And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.  
 Even now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erheard their strain,  
 And strive to view their airy forms in vain :  
 They to their cells at man's approach repair,  
 Like the shy leveret, or the mother hare,  
 The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound  
 Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,  
 Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.  
 From every region to his palace gate  
 Came peers and princes of the fairy state,  
 Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,  
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.  
 From Thame's fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,  
 With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :  
 Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,  
 Shone every knight and every lovely fay.  
 Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd  
 Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,  
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,  
 The pomp and splendor of the fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,  
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;

No mortal enter'd, those alone who came  
 Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame :  
 For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,  
 And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood  
 Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood ;  
 Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,  
 Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,  
 As through the regal dome she sought for prey,  
 Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay  
 In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,  
 And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind !  
 Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind !  
 The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay  
 The theft, hard-hearted ! of that guilty day :  
 Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,  
 And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine :  
 He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy  
 Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen  
 The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,  
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime  
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.



Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love  
 Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;  
 For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ  
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy:  
 Each supple limb she swaith'd, and tender bone,  
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down:  
 She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,  
 And fed him early with the daisy's root,  
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,  
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.  
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,  
 His lofty port his human birth confess'd;  
 A foot in height, how stately did he show!  
 How look superior on the crowd below!  
 What knight like him could toss the rusty lance!  
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!  
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,  
 What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!  
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,  
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein.  
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,  
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd.  
 She, whom at distance thrones and princedom view'd,  
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel su'd,

In

In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,  
And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove  
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love ;  
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,  
Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew ;  
He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,  
And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night ;  
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,  
Did ever Albion think the tree too high !  
He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,  
And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young ;  
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,  
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)  
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,  
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use :  
All vain their powers, alas ! to Kenna prove,  
And well sung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,  
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,  
The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break  
His painful silence, till the mortal speak ;  
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,  
Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.

He

He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,  
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.  
 The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er  
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore;  
 In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,  
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux  
 Would sound like compliments from country-clowns  
 To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue,  
 A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew;  
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,  
 The still, the secret, silent hour of day,  
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade  
 Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid.  
 They thought all fairies slept, ah luckless pair!  
 Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!  
 When Albion leaning on his Kenna's breast,  
 Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.

' All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays  
 ' Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze;  
 ' Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen  
 ' With kindly rays to silver o'er the green.  
 ' Grateful to fairy eyes; they secret take  
 ' Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.

' This



This dead of day I fly to thee alone,

A world to me, a multitude in one.

Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,

When the sky opens and the evening dawns !

Streight as the pink, that tow'rs so high in air,

Soft as the blue-bell ! as the daisy, fair !

Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd

An infant captive to this blissful shade !

And blest the hand that did my form refine,

And shrunk my stature to a match with thine !

Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,

And all the giant-daughters of the earth.

Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,

Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.

So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,

A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.

Oh speak, my love ! my vows with vows repay,

And sweetly swear my rising fears away.

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes

More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.

By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,

I swear, and by the head of Oberon,

A dreadful oath ! no prince of fairy line

Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.

Where-e'er

' Where-e'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,  
 ' May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,  
 ' May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,  
 ' And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.  
 ' Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,  
 ' There rather pine I a neglected maid;  
 ' Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,  
 ' Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,  
 ' Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,  
 ' In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.'

She ended: and with lips of rosy hue  
 Dipt five times over in ambrosial dew,  
 Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,  
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.  
 A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight!)  
 The monarch issu'd half an ell in height:  
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,  
 Nor spoke, but gave his bugle-horn a blast,  
 That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,  
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.  
 A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,  
 Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;  
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,  
 Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,

For

For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,  
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,  
And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,  
To love and praise can generous souls incline,  
That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.  
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,  
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.  
Where now the skies high Holland-house invades,  
And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,  
Thy dwelling stood ; nor did in him afford  
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,  
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore ;  
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,  
All Fairy shouted with a gen'ral voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,  
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.  
Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,  
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.  
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,  
Besides their wages had good fairy vails,  
Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid  
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,

Sunk



Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes  
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,  
 And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,  
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Mean-while driven back to earth, a lonely way  
 The chearless Albion wander'd half the day,  
 A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,  
 Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.

Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd  
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide :

'Twas then a spreading stream, though now, its fame  
 Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,  
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,  
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,  
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,  
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,  
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

' If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came  
 ' From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame ;  
 ' Down to his court, with coral gardens crown'd,  
 ' Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,  
 ' And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,  
 ' To grace his off-spring, and assert my birth.'

He

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,  
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,  
 Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides  
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd depth resides.  
 Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore  
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore ;  
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,  
 And to her care his fav'rite boy commends.

As thro' the Thames her backward course she guides,  
 Driven up his current by the reflux tides,  
 Along his banks the pygmy legions spread  
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.  
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,  
 And counts the ocean's god among his fires ;  
 ' The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown  
 ' (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.  
 ' See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom  
 ' Lies Albion : Him the Fates your leader doom.  
 ' Hear and obey ; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,  
 ' By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd : and on their shield up-bore  
 With shouts their new-saluted emperor.  
 Even Oriel smil'd : at least to smile he strove,  
 And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See

See now the mourner of the lonely shade  
 By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,  
 A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,  
 In the short course of one revolving day.  
 What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,  
 Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !  
 His thick-embattel'd troops, with secret pride,  
 He views extended half an acre wide ;  
 More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,  
 And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, \* great Bard, whose lofty strains  
 In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes !  
 Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,  
 Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.  
 But simple I, and innocent of art,  
 The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,  
 The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,  
 And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,  
 To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.  
 Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,  
 A grove of needles, glitter in the air ;

\* MR. ADDISON.

Look



Loose in the wind small ribbon streamers flow,  
 Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,  
 And the gay host, that now its march pursues,  
 Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,  
 Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful fight.  
 In various robes their silken troops were seen,  
 The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green :  
 When blooming BRUNSWICK near the Danube's flood,  
 First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades  
 Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades,  
 In hopes already vanquish'd by surprize,  
 In Albion's power the fairy empire lies ;  
 Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,  
 And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes ; and now in prospect near,  
 But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear,  
 For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,  
 Wore his prime visir in a magic ring,  
 A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold  
 By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.  
 Hence in a crescent form'd, his legions bright  
 With beating bosoms waited for the fight ;

To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band,  
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's foul possess,  
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess !  
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain  
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain  
He strides indignant : and with haughty cries  
To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;  
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.  
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,  
Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.  
My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,  
By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love :  
He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,  
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,  
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart :  
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,  
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting ;  
But, tofs'd in rage, it flew without a wound,  
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.  
Not so Azuriel's : with un-erring aim  
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,

Drove

Drove through the seven-fold shield, and filken vest,  
And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.

Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,  
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,  
Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,  
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion wields no more,  
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er ;  
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,  
Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain.

But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight  
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.

As some frail cup of China's purest mold,  
With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,  
Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,  
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands ;

The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,  
And holds secure the Coffee's sable waves :

So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,  
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew ;  
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,  
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.

The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,  
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,



Lie rent and mangled : and the gaping wound  
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.

The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes ;

On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies ;

‘ Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try’d to say,

‘ Kenna farewell :’ and sigh’d his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,  
By sister Naiads echo’d from the shore,  
Thence down to Neptune’s secret realms convey’d,  
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.  
The sea’s great sire, with looks denouncing war,  
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr :  
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,  
And works the madding ocean into storms.  
O’er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,  
Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,  
’Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind’s roar  
It shoots, and lands him on the destin’d shore.

Now fix’d on earth his tow’ring stature stood,  
Hung o’er the mountains, and o’erlook’d the wood.  
To Brumpton’s grove one ample stride he took,  
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)  
The next huge step reach’d the devoted shade,  
Where choak’d in blood was wretched Albion laid :

Where

Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,  
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattel'd dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,  
And on their town his eye vindictive cast.  
Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,  
And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves ;  
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,  
Which on the foe with force divine he flung ;  
Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,  
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,  
That downward tumbling on the host below  
Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.  
Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,  
And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,  
And such the downfall of the fairy state.  
This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,  
This dale possess'd they ; and had still possess'd,  
Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,  
Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,  
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,  
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.  
Now, where his elves so brightly danc'd the round,  
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground.

His towers and people fill one common grave;  
A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoaking piles he lay  
Stun'd and confounded a whole summer's day.  
At length awak'd (for what can long restrain  
Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:  
And as he saw the desolated wood,  
And the dark den where once his empire stood,  
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes  
In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:  
He fled: and left, with all his trembling peers,  
The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,  
Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,  
Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,  
And stop'd and started at each rustling wind.  
Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands  
Disperse, and wander into different lands;  
Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,  
In silent glooms impervious to the sky;  
Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,  
Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,  
Where formidable Neptune never came,  
And seas and oceans are but known by fame;

Some



Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,  
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.  
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,  
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,  
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;  
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,  
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,  
 Try'd every art (vain arts !) to change his doom,  
 And vow'd (vain vows !) to join him in the tomb.  
 What could she do ? the Fates alike deny  
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old \* Homer tells  
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light  
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,  
 Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,  
 But secret kept from mortal men below.

On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,  
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,  
 When lo ! the little shape by magic power  
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flower ;

\* Odyss. l. 10.

A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,  
To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,  
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,  
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,  
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.  
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,  
And glories in the vegetable snow,  
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,  
Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;  
First leader of the flowery race aspires,  
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,  
'Midst frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,  
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pygmy race,  
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.  
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,  
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage;  
'Till great Nassau recloath'd the desert shade,  
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.  
'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came,  
(Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name)  
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine  
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line.

She

She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,

And picture out in plants the fairy town.

To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,

And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,

Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,

And plan'd that landskip in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,

Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,

The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,

And forms the town in all its ancient lines ;

The corner trees he lifts more high in air,

And girds the palace with a verdant square :

Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,

He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the ærial maid

This image of her ancient realm survey'd ;

How chang'd, how fallen from its primæval pride !

Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,

Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,

And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays ;

Pleas'd in the shades to head her fairy train,

And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.





A N

EPISTLE from a Lady in ENGLAND,

TO A

GENTLEMAN AT AVIGNON.

By the Same.

**T**O thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,  
 The health she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends;  
 Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,  
 Worse than an exile on my native shore.  
 Companions in your master's flight you roam,  
 Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;  
 For-ever near the royal out-law's side,  
 You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide;  
 On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,  
 And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, (for thou know'st I own his sacred line,  
 The passive doctrine, and the right divine)  
 Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?  
 The strength of armies? or the force of pray'r?

Does

Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive ?

From saints departed ? or from priests alive ?

Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,

And beads drop uselefs through the zealot's hand ;

Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,

But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,

Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,

In female joys I took a dull delight,

Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :

But now, with fears and public cares possess'd,

The church, the church, for-ever breaks my rest.

The post-boy on my pillow I explore,

And sift the news of every foreign shore,

Studious to find new friends, and new allies ;

What armies march from Sweden in disguise ;

How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,

And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold :

Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,

Cross many a region marks the winding way ;

From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,

And grow a mere geographer by love.

But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast

That holds Thee banish'd, claims my care the most ;

Of

Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,  
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,  
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :  
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng  
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.  
Th' upthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs ;  
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.  
We reason with such fluency and fire,  
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,  
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,  
And from our judges vindicate the laws.  
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost,  
A crown, though late, thy sacred brow may boast ;  
Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree,  
Those who win hearts, have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that, when profusely gay,  
Our well-dress'd rivals grace their sov'reign's day,  
We stubborn damsels met the public view  
In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?  
What whig but trembled, when our spotless band  
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !  
Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,  
When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breast !



Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood,  
 When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,  
 Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd  
 The youth of Kent beneath its wand'ring shade.  
 Those, who the succours of the fair despise,  
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.  
 The female bands, O prince by Fortune cross'd,  
 At least more courage than thy men may boast;  
 Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,  
 And purchase fame in many a well-fought street.  
 From Drury-lane, the region of renown,  
 The land of love, the Paphos of the town,  
 Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight  
 With all their poles the guardians of the night,  
 And borne, with screams of triumph, to their side  
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.  
 Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note  
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought.  
 Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,  
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,  
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,  
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.  
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,  
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

Mean

Mean while, regardless of the royal cause,  
 His sword for James no brother sovereign draws.  
 The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,  
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,  
 And though he hears his darling son's complaint,  
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint ;  
 But lifts them all to guard his own abodes,  
 And into ready money coins his gods.  
 The dauntless Swede, pursu'd by vengeful foes,  
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows ;  
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain  
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again :  
 Safe, Bar-le-duc, within thy silent grove  
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove :  
 The knight, who aims unerring from afar,  
 Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the sylvan war :  
 The brinded boars may slumber un-dismay'd,  
 Or grunt secure beneath the chefnut shade.  
 Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day  
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)  
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,  
 Far from the call of his desponding friends.  
 Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace !  
 And such the terrors of the Brunswick race !

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,  
 And sudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd !  
 For this did heav'n display to mortal eyes  
 Aërial knights and combats in the skies !  
 Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red,  
 And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed !  
 False auguries ! th' insulting victors scorn !  
 Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !  
 O portents constru'd on our side in vain !  
 Let never Tory trust eclipse again !  
 Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace, ye skies !  
 And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise !  
 To Rome then must the royal wand'rer go,  
 And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?  
 His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,  
 One half in luxury, and one in pray'r ?  
 His mind perhaps at length, debauch'd with ease,  
 The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.  
 Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race  
 To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,  
 In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,  
 And poll for points of faith his trusty vote !  
 Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,  
 And with his casting suffrage fix a creed !



Shall he in robes on stated days appear,  
 And English heretics curse once a year!  
 Garnet and Faux shall he with pray'rs invoke,  
 And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke!  
 Forbid it heav'n! my soul, to fury wrought,  
 Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,  
 And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;  
 Yet still his share thy rival will contest,  
 And still the double claim divides my breast:  
 The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,  
 And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due;  
 To James my passions and my weakness guide,  
 But reason sways me to the victor's side.  
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear;  
 (You know my language, and my heart, sincere.)  
 In vain did falshood his fair fame disgrace;  
 What force had falshood, when he show'd his face!  
 In vain to war our boastful clans were led;  
 Heaps driven on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:  
 France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame  
 A second Dunkirk in another name:  
 In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,  
 And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:

Spite of feign'd fears, and artificial cries,  
 The pious town sees fifty churches rise :  
 The hero triumphs as his worth is known,  
 And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

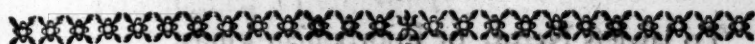
To my sad thought no beam of hope appears  
 Through the long prospect of succeeding years ;  
 The son, aspiring to his father's fame,  
 Shows all his fire : another and the same.  
 He blest in lovely Carolina's arms,  
 To future ages propagates her charms :  
 With pain and joy at strife, I often trace  
 The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;  
 Half sick'ning at the sight, too well I spie  
 The father's spirit through the mother's eye :  
 In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,  
 And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess ! happy by thy foes confess'd !  
 Blest in thy husband ! in thy children blest !  
 As they from thee, from them new beauties born,  
 While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.  
 Transplanted to each court, in times to come,  
 Thy smile celestial and un-fading bloom  
 Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,  
 And smoothe the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.

The fair descendents of thy sacred bed  
 Wide-branching o'er the western world shall spread,  
 Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot  
 To earthward bending of itself takes root,  
 'Till like their mother plant, ten thousand stand  
 In verdant arches on the fertile land;  
 Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,  
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,  
 My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend;  
 Since heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,  
 And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain;  
 Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?  
 Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,  
 Tir'd out at length, submit to Fate's decree?  
 If not to Brunswick, O return to me!  
 Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend:  
 What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.  
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,  
 Great Brunswick's virtues will secure thy fame:  
 Say, these invite thee to approach his throne,  
 And own the monarch heav'n vouchsafes to own.  
 The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;  
 Say this to Them; but swear to Me 'twas love.





T H E  
F E M A L E R E I G N :  
A N

O D E.

By Mr. COBB.

I.

WHAT can the British senate give,  
To make the name of ANNA live,  
By future people to be sung,  
The labour of each grateful tongue?  
Can faithful registers, or rhyme,  
In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,  
The wonders of her reign transmit  
To th' unborn children of succeeding time?  
Can painters' oil, or statuaries' art,  
Eternity to her impart?  
No! titled statues are but empty things,  
Inscrib'd to royal vanity,

The sacrifice of flattery  
 To lawless Neros, or Bourbonian kings.  
 True virtue to her kindred stars aspires,  
 Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,  
 And mingling with etherial fires,  
 No useless ornament requires  
 From speaking colours, or from breathing brass.

## II.

Greatest of princes ! where the wand'ring sun  
 Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,  
 From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,  
 And sees thy race of glory run  
 With swiftness equal to his own :  
 Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis sings  
 The jocund swain, releas'd from Gallic fear :  
 The English voice unus'd to hear,  
 Thee the repeating banks, thee every valley rings.

## III.

The sword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,  
 And heav'nly vengeance on the guilty deals,  
 Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell ;  
 Who, from his airy hope of better state,  
 By lust of sway irregularly great,  
 Like an apostate angel fell :

Who,

Who, by imperial favour rais'd,  
 I' th' highest rank of glory blaz'd :  
 And had 'till now unrivall'd shone,  
 More than a king, contented with his own ;  
 But Lucifer's bold steps he trod,  
 Who durst assault the throne of God ;  
 And for contented realms of blisful light,  
 Gain'd the sad privilege to be  
 The first in solid misery,  
 Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlasting night.  
 Corruption of the best is always worst ;  
 And foul ambition, like an evil wind,  
 Blights the fair blossoms of a noble mind ;  
 And if a seraph fall, he's doubly curst.

## IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown  
 In the black groves of Styx alone,  
 Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been sown ;  
 The swain without amaze, had till'd  
 The Flandrian glebe, a guiltless field :  
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found  
 The bones of heroes in the ground :  
 No crimson streams had lately swell'd  
 The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.



But evils are of necessary growth,  
 To rouse the brave, and banish sloth ;  
 And some are born to win the stars,  
 By sweat and blood, and worthy scars.  
 Heroic virtue is by action seen,  
 And vices serve to make it keen ;  
 And as gigantic tyrants rise,  
 NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the skies,  
 The earth-born monsters to chastise.

## V.

If, heav'nly Muse, you burn with a desire  
 To praise the man whom all admire ;  
 Come from thy learn'd Castalian springs,  
 And stretch aloft thy Pegasean wings :  
 Strike the loud Pindaric strings,  
 Like the lark who soars and sings ;  
 And as you sail the liquid skies,  
 Cast on \* Menapian fields your weeping eyes :  
 For weep they surely must,  
 To see the bloody annual sacrifice ;  
 To think how the neglected dust,  
 Which with contempt is basely trod,  
 Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,  
 The mortal part of some great demi-god ;

Who

\* The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.

Who for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,  
 With slaught'ring arms, the gun and sword,  
 Have dug the mighty sepulchre,  
 And fell as martyrs on record,  
 Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty restor'd.

## VI.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of slain,  
 Th' heroic man, inspir'dly brave,  
 Mowing across, bestrews the plain,  
 And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.  
 His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,  
 His looks as chearfully serene,  
 The routed battle to pursue,  
 As once adorn'd the Paphian queen,  
 When to her Thracian paramour she flew.  
 The gath'ring troops he kens from far,  
 And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,  
 Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,  
 The new Salmoneus meets the Celtic thunderer.  
 Ah, curst pride ! infernal dream !  
 Which drove him to this wild extream,  
 That dust a deity should seem ;  
 Be thought, as through the wondering streets he rode,  
 A man immortal, or a god :

With rattling brags, and trampling horse,  
 Should counterfeit th' inimitable force  
 Of divine thunder : horrid crime !  
 But vengeance is the child of time,  
 And will too surely be repaid  
 On his profane devoted head,  
 Who durst affront the powers above,  
 And their eternal flames disgrace,  
 Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,  
 Or <sup>b</sup> Pallas, who assumes, and fills his awful place :

## VII.

The British Pallas ! who, as <sup>c</sup> Homer's did  
 For her lov'd Diomede,  
 Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,  
 And heav'nly courage in his heart instils.  
 Hence through the thickest squadrons does he ride,  
 With ANNA's angels by his side.  
 With what uncommon speed  
 He spurs his foaming fiery steed,  
 And pushes on through midmost fires,  
 Where France's fortune, with her sons, retires !

<sup>b</sup> VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

<sup>c</sup> Homer, in his fifth Iliad, because his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.



Now here, now there, the sweeping ruin flies;

<sup>d</sup> As when the Pleiades arise,

The southern wind afflicts the skies,

Then, mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly brine,

'Till clouds and water seem to join.

Or as a dyke cut by malicious hands,

O'erflows the fertile Netherlands;

Through the wide yawn, th' impetuous sea,

Lavish of his new liberty,

Bestrides the vale, and, with tumultuous noise,

Bellows along the delug'd plain

Pernicious to the rip'ning grain;

Far as th' horizon he destroys:

[reign.

The weeping shepherd from an hill bewails the wat'ry

### VIII.

So rapid flows the unimprison'd stream!

So strong the force of MINDELHEIM!

<sup>d</sup> Indomitas prope qualis undas  
Exercit auster, pleiadum choro  
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium  
Vexare turmas, & frementem  
Mittere equum medios per ignes.  
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,  
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,  
Cum sævit, horrendam quo cultis  
Diluviem meditatur agris.

In

In vain the woods of Audenard  
 Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless guard.  
 As soon may whirl-winds be with-held,  
 As MARLB'ROUGH's footsteps o'er the foaming Scheldt  
 In vain the torrent would oppose,  
 In vain arm'd banks, and hosts of foes :  
 The foes with coward-haste retire,  
 Fly faster than the river flows,  
 And swifter than our fire.  
 Vendosme from far upbraids their shame,  
 And pleads his royal master's fame.  
 " By Condé's mighty ghost," he cries,  
 " By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all  
 " Those noble souls, who fell a sacrifice  
 " At ' Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,  
 " Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight."  
 But Fear is deaf to Honour's call.  
 Each frowning threat and soothing pray'r  
 Is lost in the regardless air :  
 As well he may  
 The billows of the ocean stay ;

\* Near this place the prince of Condé gave the Spaniards a very great overthrow, 1648.

While

While CHURCHILL, like a driving wind,  
 Or high spring-tide, pursues behind,  
 And with redoubled speed urges their forward way:

## IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important care,  
 Thou second thunder-bolt of war!  
 Partner in danger and in fame,  
 The wind, with MARLBOROUGH's, shall bear  
 To distant colonies thy conqu'ring name.  
 Nor shall my Muse forget to sing  
 From harmony what blessings spring:  
 To tell how Death did enviously repine,  
 To see a friendship so divine;  
 When in a ball's destroying form she past,  
 And mark'd thy threaten'd brow at last,  
 But durst not touch that sacred brain,  
 Where Europe's mightiest counsels reign;  
 For strait she bow'd her ghastly head,  
 She saw the mark of heav'n, and fled,  
 As cruel Brennus once, insulting Gaul,  
 When he, at Allia's fatal flood,  
 Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,  
 With conscious awe forsook the capitol,  
 Where Jove, revenger of profaneness, stood.

X. But



## X.

But where the good and brave command,  
 What capitol, what bulwark can withstand?  
 Virtue, approv'd of heav'n, can pass  
 Through walls, through tow'rs, and gates of brass  
 Like a mistress, had been courted long,  
 By all the valiant and the young,  
 The fairest progeny of Vauban's art;  
 'Till SAVOY's warlike prince withstood  
 Her frowning terrors, and through seas of blood  
 Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's hand  
 Such <sup>f</sup> Buda saw him, when proud <sup>g</sup> Apti fell,  
 Unhappy, valiant infidel!  
 Who, vanquish'd by superior strength,  
 Surrender'd up his haughty breath,  
 Upon the breach measuring his manly length,  
 And shun'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

## XI.

Such <sup>h</sup> Harfcam's field beheld him in his bloom,  
 When Victory bespoke him for her own.

<sup>f</sup> He bore a considerable share in the glory of that day which Buda was taken.

<sup>g</sup> He was Bassau of the city, and lost his life on the breach.

<sup>h</sup> This was the fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1683 Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was the

Her favourite, immortal son,  
 And told of better years revolving on the loom :  
 How he should make the Turkish crescent wane,  
 And choak <sup>i</sup> Tibiscus with the slain ;  
 While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile  
 Of slaughter'd Bassaus, who o'er Bassaus roll'd ;  
 And all his num'rous acts she told,  
 From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.

## XII.

Honour, with open arms, receives at last  
 The heroes who through Virtue's temple past ;  
 And show'rs down laurels from above,  
 On those whom heav'n and ANNA love.  
 And some, not sparingly, she throws  
 For the young eagles, who could try  
 The faith and judgment of the sky,  
 And dare the sun with steady eye ;  
 For Hanover's and Prussia's brows,  
 Eugenies in bloom, and future Marlboroughs :

at entered the trenches ; and for that reason had the honour to  
 be the first messenger of this happy news to the emperor.

<sup>1</sup> This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where  
 since Eugene commanded in chief ; like which there never hap-  
 pened so great and so terrible a destruction to the Ottoman army,  
 which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common  
 soldiers ; for no less than fifteen Bassaus (five of which had been  
 viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.

To

To Hanover, to Brunswick's second grace,  
 Descendent from a long imperial race,  
 The Muse directs her honourable flight,  
 And prophecies, from so serene a morn,  
     To what clear glories he is born,  
 When blazing with a full meridian light,  
 He shall the British hemisphere adorn;  
 When Mars shall lay his batter'd target down,  
     And he, (since Death will never spare  
     The good, the pious, and the fair)  
     In his ripe harvest of renown,  
     Shall after his great father sit,  
     (If heav'n so long a life permit)  
     And having swell'd the flowing tide  
     Of fame, which he in arms shall get,  
     The purchase of an honest sweat,  
 Shall safe in stormy seas Britannia's vessel guide.

## XIII.

Britannia's vessel, which in ANNA's reign,  
     And prudent pilotry, enjoys  
     The tempest which the world destroys,  
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.  
 O may she soon a quiet harbour gain!



And sure the promis'd hour is come,  
 When in soft notes the peaceful lyre  
 Shall still the trumpet and the drum,  
 Shall play what gods and men desire,  
 And strike Bellona's music dumb :

When War, by parents curs'd, shall quit the field,  
 Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to rest  
 His weary'd limbs, sit on his idle shield,  
 With scars of honour plow'd upon his breast.  
 But if the Gallic Pharaoh's stubborn heart  
 Grows fresh for punishment, and hardens still ;  
 Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill,  
 And forc'd th' unwilling skies to act the last ungrateful part:

Thy forces, ANNA, like a flood, shall whelm  
 (If heav'n does scepter'd innocence maintain)

His famish'd desolated realm ;

And all the sons of Pharamond in vain

(Who with dishonest envy see

the sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)

all curse their Salic law, and wish a female reign.

#### XIV.

A female reign like thine,

O ANNA, British heroine !

To

To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,  
 Where'er tyrannic standards are display'd,  
 From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine.  
 Thee, where the golden-sanded Tagus flows  
     Beneath fair <sup>k</sup> Ulyssippo's walls,  
 The frighted Lusitanian calls ;  
 Thee, they who drink the Seine, with those  
 Who plow Iberian fields, implore,  
 To give the lab'ring world repose,  
 And universal peace restore :  
 Thee, Gallia, mournful to survive the fate  
 Of her fall'n grandeur and departed state ;  
     By sad experience taught to own,  
 That virtue is a noble way to rise,  
     A surer passage to the skies,  
     Than Pelion upon Ossa thrown :  
     For they, who impiously presume  
 To grasp at heav'n, by Jove's eternal doom,  
     A prey to thunder shall become ;  
 Or, sent in <sup>1</sup> Ætna's fiery caves to groan,  
 Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

<sup>k</sup> The old name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.

<sup>1</sup> One of the mountains where Jupiter lodged the giants.



S I X

T O W N E C L O G U E S.

By the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, the Drawing-Room.

R OXANA from the court retiring late,  
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. JAMES's gate.  
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,  
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd ;  
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear ;  
He in these gentle sounds express'd her care.  
" Was it for this that I these roses wear,  
For this new-set the jewels for my hair ?

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" Ah !

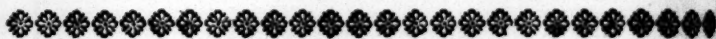


" Ah ! princess ! with what zeal have I pursu'd !  
 " Almost forgot the duty of a prude.  
 " Thinking I never could attend too soon,  
 " I've miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon,  
 " For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?  
 " My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.  
 " I sacrific'd both modesty and ease,  
 " Left operas, and went to filthy plays ;  
 " Double entendres shock'd my tender ear,  
 " Yet even this for thee I chose to bear.  
 " In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,  
 " And every joy of life before me lay,  
 " By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,  
 " The pleasures of my soul the young disdain'd :  
 " Sermons I fought, and with a mien severe  
 " Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.  
 " Alas ! how chang'd !—with the same sermon-mien  
 " That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye-call't* I've seen.  
 " Ah ! cruel princess, for thy sake I've lost  
 " That reputation which so dear had cost :  
 " I, who avoided every public place,  
 " When bloom and beauty bade me show my face ;  
 " Now near thee constant every night abide  
 " With never-failing duty by thy side,

" Myself

Myself and daughters standing on a row,  
 To all the foreigners a goodly show !  
 Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
 And merchants' wives close by the chair been seen ;  
 Had not I amply fill'd the empty space,  
 And sav'd your highness from the dire disgrace.  
 " Yet COQUETILLA's artifice prevails,  
 When all my merit and my duty fails :  
 That COQUETILLA, whose deluding airs  
 Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares ;  
 So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
 Scarce visited before your highness came :  
 Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuse,  
 When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuse.  
 Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train  
 Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain.  
 Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,  
 And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !  
 Let IRIS leave her paint and own her age,  
 And grave SUFFOLKA wed a giddy page !  
 A greater miracle is daily view'd,  
 A virtuous princess with a court so lewd.  
 " I know thee, Court ! with all thy treach'rous wiles,  
 Thy false caresses and undoing smiles !

" Ah ! princess, learn'd in all the courtly arts  
" To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts !  
" Large lovely bribes are the great statesman's aim ;  
" And the neglected patriot follows fame.  
" The prince is ogled ; some the king pursue ;  
" But your ROXANA only follows You.  
" Despis'd ROXANA, cease, and try to find  
" Some other, since the princess proves unkind ;  
" Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,  
" If not a greater, a more firm support."



T U E S D A Y.

St. JAMES's Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

**T**HOU, who so many favours hast receiv'd,  
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,  
Oh ! H——D, to my lays attention lend,  
Hear how too lovers boastingly contend :  
Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,  
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. JAMES's



St. JAMES's bell had toll'd some wretches in,  
As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could fin)  
The happier finners now their charms put out,  
And to their manteaus their complexion fuit ;  
The opera queens had finished half their faces,  
And city-dames already taken places ;  
Fops of all kinds, to see the Lion, run ;  
The beauties stay till the first act's begun,  
And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.  
No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house remain'd,  
But pensive PATCH, who on the window lean'd ;  
And SILLIANDER, that alert and gay,  
First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say.

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs ; ah ! why so pensive grown ?  
Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.  
Does hapless passion all this sorrow move ?  
Or dost thou envy where the ladies love ?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue,  
'Tis true, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right——  
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they slight.

Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,  
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove ;  
Like us, they never toast the thing they love.  
A certain duke one night my health begun ;  
With chearful pledges round the room it run,  
'Till the young SYLVIA, press'd to drink it too,  
Started and vow'd she knew not what to do :  
What, drink a fellow's health ! she dy'd with shame,  
Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates pursue me, may I never find  
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,  
If fair Miss FLIPPY's fan I did not tear,  
And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;  
'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.  
A lady (but she is too great to name)  
Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,  
With gentle strugglings let me force this ring ;  
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

SILLIANDER.

I could say something—see this billet-doux—  
And as for presents—look upon my shoe—  
These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,  
But a young countess fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,  
Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue :  
This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,  
And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide ;  
She laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,  
With affectation cram'd it down her stays ;  
Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,  
I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,  
Drinking delicious poison from her face,  
The soft enchantress did that face decline,  
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine ;  
With sudden art some secret did pretend,  
Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,  
While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose,  
And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

G 4

PATCH.



PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)  
I drank bohea in CÆLIA's dressing-room :  
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,  
Her night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;  
Her night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace,  
And her bright hair play'd careless round her face ;  
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,  
She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park !  
Hark ! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark ;  
In her all beauties of the spring are seen,  
Her cheeks are rosy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See TINTORETTA to the opera goes !  
Haste, or the crowd will not permit our bows ;  
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,  
Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

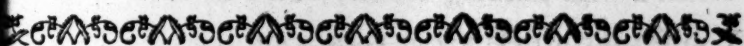
What colour does in CÆLIA's stockings shine ?  
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;  
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus PATCH continued his heroic strain,  
While SILLIANDER but contends in vain,  
After a conquest so important gain'd,  
Unrival'd PATCH in every ruelle reign'd.



W E D N E S D A Y.

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

“**N**O, fair DANCINDA, no; you strive in vain  
To calm my care, and mitigate my pain;

“ If all my sighs, my cares, can fail to move,

“ Ah! sooth me not with fruitless vows of love.”

Thus STREPHON spoke. DANCINDA thus reply'd:

What must I do to gratify your pride?

Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)

How much you triumph in this tender heart:

What proof of love remains for me to grant?

Yet still you tease me with some new complaint.

Oh!

Oh ! would to heav'n !—but the fond wish is vain—  
 Too many favours had not made it plain !  
 But such a passion breaks through all disguise,  
 Love reddens on my cheek, and wishes in my eyes.  
 Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind !)  
 I own the secret conflict of my mind ;  
 You cannot know what secret pain I prove,  
 When I with burning blushes own I love.  
 You see my artless joy at your approach,  
 I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch ;  
 And in your absence all the world I shun ;  
 I hate mankind, and curse the chearing sun.  
 Still as I fly, ten thousand swains pursue ;  
 Ten thousand swains I sacrifice to you.  
 I shew you all my heart without disguise :  
 But these are tender proofs that you despise—  
 I see too well what wishes you pursue ;  
 You would not only conquer, but undo :  
 You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,  
 Would seek a cure in my eternal shame ;  
 And not content my honour to subdue,  
 Now strive to triumph o'er my virtue too.  
 Oh ! Love, a god indeed to woman kind,  
 Whose arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind,

Avenge



Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame;  
And blast these traitors that profane thy name;  
Who by pretending to thy sacred fire,  
Raife curfed trophies to impure defire.

Have you forgot with what enfnaring art  
You firft feduc'd this fond uncautious heart?  
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,  
" Turn, cruel beauty; whither would you fly?  
" Why all these doubts? why this diftruffful fear?  
" No impious wifhes fhall offend your ear:  
" Nor ever fhall my boldeft hopes pretend  
" Above the title of a tender friend;  
" Bleff, if my lovely goddeffs will permit  
" My humble vows, thus fighing at her feet,  
" The tyrant Love that in my bofom reigns,  
" The god himfelf fubmits to wear your chains,  
" You fhall direct his courfe, his ardour tame,  
" And check the fury of his wildeft flame."

Unpractis'd youth is eafily deceiv'd;  
Sooth'd by fuch founds, I liften'd and believ'd;  
Now quite forgot that foft fubmiffive fear,  
You dare to afk what I muft blufh to hear.

Could I forget the honour of my race,  
And meet your wifhes, fearlefs of difgrace;

Could

Could passion o'er my tender youth prevail,  
 And all my mother's pious maxims fail ;  
 Yet to preserve your heart (which still must be,  
 False as it is, for ever dear to me)  
 This fatal proof of love I would not give,  
 Which you'd condemn the moment you receive.  
 The wretched she, who yields to guilty joys,  
 A man may pity, but he must despise.  
 Your ardour ceas'd, I then should see you shun  
 The wretched victim by your arts undone.  
 Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,  
 What more would strike me with the last despair,  
 With this reflection would my soul be torn,  
 To know I merited your cruel scorn.

" Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear ?  
 " Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere ?  
 " Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,  
 " Love is a child, and like a child it plays."

O STREPHON, if you would continue just,  
 If love be something more than brutal lust,  
 Forbear to ask what I must still deny,  
 This bitter pleasure, this destructive joy,  
 So closely follow'd by the dismal train  
 Of cutting shame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.

She

She paus'd ; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan ;  
 He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began ;  
 Madam, if love—but he could say no more,  
 For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door.  
 The dangerous moments no adieus afford ;  
 —Begone, she cries, I'm sure I hear my lord.  
 The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,  
 To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves :  
 The sighing dame to meet her dear prepares,  
 While Strephon cursing slips down the back-stairs.



# T H U R S D A Y.

## The BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

**T**HE bassette-table spread, the tallier come,  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room ?

Rise,

She



Rise, pensive nymph ! the tallier stays for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah ! Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
I joyless make my once ador'd alpieu.  
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,  
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
And those feign'd sighs, that cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?  
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.  
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd,  
In one bad deal three septlevas I lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine ?  
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign.  
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,  
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care,  
And prudent nymphs against the change prepare.  
The queen of clubs thrice lost ! oh ! who could guess  
This fatal stroke ! this unforeseen distress !

SMILINDA.

( III )

SMILINDA.

See! BETTY LOVEIT very à propos!

She all the pains of love and play does know,  
Deeply experienc'd many years ago.

Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide,  
BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd:  
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,  
By cards' ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs: attentive will I stay,  
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage by MATHERS wrought,  
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth!) bought:  
See on the tooth-pick MARS and CUPID strive,  
And both the struggling figures seem to live.  
Upon the bottom see the queen's bright face;  
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case;  
JOVE, JOVE himself does on the scissars shine,  
The metal and the workmanship divine.

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box, once the pledge of SHARPER's love,  
When rival beauties for the present strove—

(At

(At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,  
 There first his passion was in public shown ;  
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,  
 Her rival's envy all in vain to hide)  
 This snuff-box—on the hinge see diamonds shine—  
 This snuff-box will I stake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far smaller losses than I bear,  
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear :  
 But oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,  
 'Twas my own lord who drew the fatal card !—  
 In complaisance I took the queen he gave,  
 Though my own secret wish was for the knave :  
 The knave won *son ecart* that I had chose,  
 And the next pull my *septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,  
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart,  
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair,  
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear,  
 She at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
 She owes to me the very charms she wears :  
 An aukward thing when first she came to town,  
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown.

She



She was my friend, I taught her first to spread  
 Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red ;  
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays,  
 And by my int'rest COSINS made her stays.  
 Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert,  
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was ! how often have I swore,  
 When WINNALL tallied, I would punt no more !  
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,  
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd !  
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd !  
 Yet his known falshood could no warning prove :  
 Ah ! what are warnings to a maid in love !

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
 To gaze on Bassette, and remain unwarm'd ?  
 When kings, queens, knaves are set in decent rank,  
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,  
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,  
 The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain,

In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,  
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye;  
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,  
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein:  
 Look upon Bassette, you who reason boast,  
 And see if reason may not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that breast compose,  
 That listens coldly to my SHARPER's vows!  
 Then when he trembles, when his blushes rise,  
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes!  
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves;  
 He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves!  
 Such unfeign'd passion in his look appears,  
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms;  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.  
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast!  
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play;  
 Some dukes at Marybon bowl time away!  
 But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares  
 To Bassette's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a beau ;  
 PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show :  
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet ;  
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long,  
 I grow impatient, and the tea grows strong :  
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;  
 The equipage shall grace SMILINDA's side ;  
 The snuff-box to CARDELIA I decree ;  
 So leave complaining, and begin your tea.



## F R I D A Y.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

**N**OW twenty springs had cloth'd the park with green,  
 Since LYDIA knew the blossoms of fifteen ;  
 No lovers now her morning hours molest ;  
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest.  
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,  
 Nor chairs, nor coaches crowd the silent door ;

H 2

Nor



Nor at the window all her mornings pass,  
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass :  
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,  
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.

“ Oh youth ! O spring of life for ever lost !  
 “ No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast ;  
 “ On glass no more the diamond grave my name,  
 “ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame :  
 “ Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,  
 “ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise  
 “ With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach  
 “ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.  
 “ What shall I do to spend the hateful day ?  
 “ At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?  
 “ Who there appears at these unmodish hours,  
 “ But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,  
 “ And grey religious maids ? my presence there  
 “ Amidst that sober train, would own despair ;  
 “ Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance  
 “ As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.  
 “ Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range  
 “ Through India shops, to Motteux's, or the Chang,  
 “ Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,  
 “ With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd ;

“ There

- " There careless lies a rich brocade unroll'd,  
" Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold.  
" But then, alas ! I must be forc'd to pay,  
" And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away !  
" How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn !  
" My lover's triumph, and my sex's scorn !  
" False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;  
" False are the loose coquet's inveigling airs ;  
" False is the crafty courtier's plighted word ;  
" False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board ;  
" False is the sprightly widow's public tear ;  
" Yet these to DAMON's oaths are all sincere.  
" For what young flirt, base man, am I abus'd ?  
" To please your wife am I unkindly us'd ?  
" 'Tis true, her face may boast the peach's bloom ;  
" But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?  
" I own her taper shape is form'd to please ;  
" But don't you see her unconfin'd by stays ?  
" She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;  
" Alike we read it in her face and sense.  
" Insipid, servile thing ! whom I disdain !  
" Her phlegm can best support the marriage chain.  
" DAMON is practis'd in the modish life ;  
" Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife ;

" He games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he roves ;

" Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves.

" Mistress and wife by turns supply his need ;

" A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

" Powder'd with diamonds, free from spleen or care,

" She can a sullen husband's humour bear ;

" Her credulous friendship, and her stupid ease,

" Have often been my jest in happier days :

" Now CLOE boasts and triumphs in my pains ;

" To her he's faithful ; 'tis to me he feigns.

" Am I that stupid thing to bear neglect,

" And force a smile, not daring to suspect ?

" No, perjur'd man ! a wife may be content,

" But you shall find a mistress can resent."

Thus love-sick LYDIA rav'd ; her maid appears,

And in her faithful hand the band-box bears ;

(The Cestos that reform'd inconstant Jove

Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)

" How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !"

She cries in rapture ; " then, so sweet a lace !

" How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !

" 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air !"

Strait LYDIA smil'd ; the comb adjusts her locks ;

And at the play-house HARRY keeps her box.

SATUR.



S A T U R D A Y.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

**T**HE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,  
Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind ;  
A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
For now she shun'd the face she fought before.

' How am I chang'd ! alas ! how am I grown  
' A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !  
' Where's my complexion ? where my radiant bloom,  
' That promis'd happiness for years to come ?  
' Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd !  
' To look once more, my visits oft delay'd !  
' Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,  
' And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !  
' Ah ! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore ;  
' Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more.  
' The greatest good the gods on men bestow,  
' Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.

H 4

' There

' There was a time (oh ! that I could forget !)  
 ' When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet ;  
 ' And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
 ' The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.  
 ' Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell,  
 ' How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.  
 ' With what contempt ye saw me oft despise  
 ' The humble offer of the raffled prize ;  
 ' For at the raffle still each prize I bore,  
 ' With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore.  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more !  
 ' For me the Patriot has the house forsook,  
 ' And left debates to catch a passing look :  
 ' For me the Soldier has soft verses writ :  
 ' For me the Beau has aim'd to be a wit.  
 ' For me the Wit to nonsense was betray'd ;  
 ' The Gamester has for me his dun delay'd,  
 ' And overseen the card he would have play'd.  
 ' The bold and haughty by success made vain,  
 ' Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain :  
 ' The bashful 'Squire, touch'd by a wish unknown,  
 ' Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own :  
 ' Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore ;  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more !

' As

' As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,  
 New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise.  
 Far from my sight that killing picture bear,  
 The face disfigure, and the canvas tear :  
 That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,  
 The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.  
 And thou, my toilette, where I oft have sat,  
 While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,  
 How curls should fall, or where a patch to place ;  
 If blue or scarlet best became my face ;  
 Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;  
 On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow ;  
 No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;  
 Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more.  
 ' Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;  
 Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;  
 But, 'midst your triumphs, with confusion know,  
 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.  
 Would pitying heav'n restore my wonted mien,  
 Ye still might move unthought of and unseen :  
 But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast  
 Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !  
 What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 My beauty fled, and empire now no more ?

' Ye



' Ye cruel chymists, what with-held your aid !  
 ' Could no pomatums save a trembling maid ?  
 ' How false and trifling is that art ye boast !  
 ' No art can give me back my beauty lost.  
 ' In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 ' Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day ;  
 ' MIRMILLIO came my fortune to deplore,  
 ' (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)  
 ' Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore !  
 ' Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !  
 ' GALEN, the grave ; officious SQUIRT was there,  
 ' With fruitless grief and unavailing care :  
 ' MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known  
 ' By his red cloak and his superior frown ;  
 ' And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair ?  
 ' You shall again be well, again be fair ;  
 ' Believe my oath ; (with that an oath he swore ;)  
 ' False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !  
 ' Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,  
 ' Forfake mankind, and bid the world adieu !  
 ' Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;  
 ' All strive to serve, and glory to obey :  
 ' Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow——  
 ' Men mock the idol of their former vow.

' Adieu!

' Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,  
 Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,  
 Where no false friend will in my grief take part,  
 And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;  
 There let me live in some deserted place,  
 There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.  
 Plays, operas, circles, I no more must view !  
 My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !



## The LOVER: A BALLAD.

To Mr. C——.

By the Same.

### I.

**A**T length, by so much importunity press'd,  
 Take, C——, at once the inside of my breast.  
 This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,  
 Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.  
 I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,  
 Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head:  
 I know but too well how time flies along,  
 That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II. But

## II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy  
 Long years of repentance for moments of joy.  
 Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find  
 Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd?)  
 Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;  
 Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design,  
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,  
 For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

## III.

No pedant, yet learned; not rake-helly gay,  
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say;  
 To all my whole sex obliging and free,  
 Yet never be fond of any but me;  
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,  
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust;  
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,  
 But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

## IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,  
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,  
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear;  
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!



Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,  
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,  
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,  
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

## V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,  
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,  
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,  
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can guide.  
 From such a dear lover, as here I describe,  
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;  
 But 'till this astonishing creature I know,  
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

## VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,  
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.  
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,  
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.  
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise :  
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies :  
 And as OVID has sweetly in parables told,  
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.



The L A D Y ' s R E S O L V E .

Written extempore on a Window.

By the Same.

**W**HILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame  
In every age, is every woman's aim ;  
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,  
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd ;  
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,  
Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;  
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,  
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd :  
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;  
In part she is to blame that has been try'd—  
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

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The GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

**W**HILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame  
 In every state and every age the same;  
 With their own folly pleas'd the fair they toast,  
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most;  
 No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;  
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd;  
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,  
 And taste no joys but what their fancies give:  
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,  
 May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd;  
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

An EPISTLE to Lord B——.

By the Same.

**H**OW happy you! who varied joys pursue;  
 And every hour presents you something new!  
 Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,  
 For six long months have gain'd upon your heart;

Of



Of colonades, of corridores you talk,  
 The winding stair-case and the cover'd walk,  
 You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,  
 And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile :  
 But the dull workman's slow performing hand  
 But coldly executes his lord's command.  
 With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,  
 Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,  
 Canals are cut, and mountains level made ;  
 Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade ;  
 The shaven turf presents a lively green ;  
 The bordering flow'rs in mystic knots are seen :  
 With studied art on nature you refine—  
 The spring beheld you warm in this design,  
 But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,  
 Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze.  
 You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd ;  
 With other views your eager hopes are fir'd,  
 Post to the city you direct your way ;  
 Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay :  
 Ambition shews you power's brightest side ;  
 'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide.  
 Though certain pains attend the cares of state,  
 A good man owes his country to be great ;

Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,  
 Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.  
 With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek ;  
 Full of new projects for almost a week :  
 You then despise the tinsel glittering snare ;  
 Think vile mankind below a serious care,  
 Life is too short for any distant aim ;  
 And cold the dull reward of future fame :  
 Be happy then while yet you have to live ;  
 And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.  
 Fir'd by new passion you address the fair ;  
 Survey the opera as a gay parterre :  
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,  
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes :  
 Your beating heart acknowledges her power ;  
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour ;  
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,  
 And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.  
 In dying sighs a long three hours are past ;  
 To some assembly with impatient haste,  
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,  
 Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love :  
 But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,  
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs ;

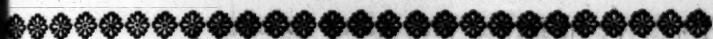
A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound ;  
 Her melting voice has music in the sound ;  
 Her every motion wears resistless grace ;  
 Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face :  
 Here while you vow eternity of love,  
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,  
 However deeply made, no long impress remains ;  
 The lightest leaf can leave its figure there ;  
 The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.  
 So yielding the warm temper of your mind,  
 So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind ;  
 Oh ! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd !  
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move ;  
 Not wishing praise, insensible of love :  
 No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;  
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock ;  
 No print is left of all the passing flock :  
 So sings the wind around the solid stone :  
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.  
 Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,  
 Who dare attempt to fix impressions there :



ut should some swain, more skilful than the rest,  
ngrave his name upon this marble breast,  
ot rolling ages could deface that name;  
Through all the storms of life 'tis still the same:  
Tho' length of years with moss may shade the ground,  
Deep, tho' unseen, remains the secret wound.



## E P I L O G U E

TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Designed to be spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

By the Same.

WHAT could luxurious woman wish for more,  
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?  
Their every wish was in this Mary seen,  
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.  
Vain useless blessings with ill conduct join'd!  
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.  
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,  
Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!

Queen Bess had wisdom, council, power, and law,  
 How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!  
 Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,  
 Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.  
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis new;  
 That influence lessens by familiar view.  
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,  
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey;  
 Allike unpitied when depos'd they grow—  
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shown to-day,  
 To what sure ruin passion does betray;  
 What long repentance to short joys is due;  
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then;  
 Love for amusement, like those traitors men.  
 Think that the pastime of a leisure hour  
 She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,  
 If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,  
 The world will still the noble act applaud,  
 Though victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case;  
 And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face

y passion fir'd, and not with-held by shame,  
 They cruel hunters are; we, trembling game.  
 Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)  
 They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :  
 Cruel to them that yield, cullies to them that sell.  
 Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,  
 Superior art should meet superior force :  
 Hear, but be faithful to your interest still :  
 Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

}



# A RECEIPT to cure the VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J——N.

By the Same.

I.

**W**H Y will Delia thus retire,  
 And idly languish life away ?  
 While the sighing crowd admire,  
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

I 3

II. All



II.

All those dismal looks and fretting  
Cannot Damon's life restore ;  
Long ago the worms have eat him,  
You can never see him more.

III.

Once again consult your toilette,  
In the glass your face review :  
So much weeping soon will spoil it,  
And no spring your charms renew.

IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,  
Well I know what vapours mean :  
The disease, alas ! is common ;  
Single, we have all the spleen.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,  
Never cur'd the sorrow yet :  
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,  
One of honour, youth, and wit,

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,  
At the least an hour or two ;  
Once again at night returning —  
I believe the dose will do.



The S P L E E N.

An E P I S T L E to Mr. C—— J——.

By Mr. MATTHEW GREEN of the Custom-house.

**T**HIS motly piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend ;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sence ;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;  
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,  
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace  
Throughout the fire's transmitted face.  
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,  
Draws from the spring she finds within ;

Nor vainly buys what Gildon fells,  
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
Where all the ancient treasures lie,  
And there unseen commit a theft  
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.  
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,  
Who only with the moderns deal?  
This were attempting to put on  
Raiment from naked bodies won:  
They safely sing before a thief,  
They cannot give who want relief;  
Some few excepted, names well known,  
And justly laurel'd with renown,  
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
And theft detects: of theft beware;  
From Moore so lash'd, example fit,  
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean  
To write a treatise on the Spleen;  
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;  
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.  
If I am right, your question lay,  
What course I take to drive away



The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas  
Men prove mere suicides in ease ;  
And how I do myself demean  
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen  
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,  
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,  
A stranger to the luck of heirs ;  
Reason, some quiet to restore,  
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;  
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,  
In life's rough tide I sink not down,  
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,  
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food  
To mend viscosity of blood.  
Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,  
Of easy access to the poor ;  
Thy help love's confessors implore,  
And doctors secretly adore ;  
To thee I fly, by thee dilute —  
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,  
And by swift current throws off clean  
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never

I never sick by drinking grow,  
 Nor keep myself a cup too low,  
 And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,  
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good  
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;  
 But after no field-honours itch,  
 Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.  
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,  
 Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,  
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,  
 And jovial cry awake the morn.  
 These see her from the dusky plight,  
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,  
 With rosal wash redeem her face,  
 And prove herself of Titan's race,  
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,  
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.  
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,  
 Exulting at the Hark-away,  
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground  
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.  
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,  
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;

While

While all their spirits are on wing,  
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong biafs, Spleen;  
Some recommend the bowling-green;  
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;  
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been  
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;  
And kitten, if the humour hit,  
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,  
At some partic'lars let us laugh.  
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,  
That stimulates their impotence;  
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,  
Err with their wings for want of eyes.  
Poor authors worshipping a calf,  
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,  
A strict dissenter saying grace,  
A lect'rer preaching for a place,  
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
Making the past the future tense,  
The popish dubbing of a priest,  
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,

Green-



Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
 A miser starving to be rich,  
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,  
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,  
 Two Jews disputing tête à tête,  
 New almanacs compos'd by seers,  
 Experiments on felons ears,  
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
 The superb muscle of the eye,  
 A coquet's April-weather face,  
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,  
 And fops in military show,  
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,  
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,  
 Or to some concert take my way.  
 The company, the shine of lights,  
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,  
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,  
 To others' griefs attention raise :  
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
 We borrow joy by pitying woe ;

There

There gaily comic scenes delight,  
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.  
 Virtue, in charming drefs array'd,  
 Calling the passions to her aid,  
 When moral scenes juſt actions join,  
 Takes ſhape, and ſhews her face divine.

    Muſic has charms, we all may find,  
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
 When art does ſound's high pow'r advance,  
 To muſic's pipe the paſſions dance ;  
 Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have ſhewn,  
 Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the ſoul to be  
 Nearly ally'd to harmony.

Her have I known indulging grief,  
 And ſhunning company's relief,  
 Unveil her face, and looking round,  
 Own, by neglecting ſorrow's wound,  
 The conſanguinity of ſound.

    In rainy days keep double guard,  
 Or Spleen will ſurely be too hard ;  
 Which, like thoſe fiſh by ſailors met,  
 Fly higheſt, while their wings are wet.

In

In such dull weather, so unfit  
 To enterprize a work of wit,  
 When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
 That's fit for simile, deny,  
 I dress my face with studious looks,  
 And shorten tedious hours with books.  
 But if dull fogs invade the head,  
 That mem'ry minds not what is read,  
 I sit in window dry as ark,  
 And on the drowning world remark :  
 Or to some coffee-house I stray  
 For news, the manna of a day,  
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,  
 That politics go by the weather :  
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,  
 And play at cards, but for small fums ;  
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;  
 Or drink a joco-serious cup  
 With souls who've took their freedom up,  
 And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,  
 In Epicurus' garden walk,  
 Who thought it heav'n to be serene ;  
 Pain, hell ; and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes



Sometimes I drefs, with women fit,  
 And chat away the gloomy fit ;  
 Quit the stiff garb of ferious fenfe,  
 And wear a gay impertinence,  
 Nor think, nor fpeak with any pains,  
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;  
 Talk of unusual fwell of waift  
 In maid of honour loofely lac'd,  
 And beauty borrr'wing Spanifh red,  
 And loving pair with fep'rate bed,  
 And jewels pawn'd for los of game,  
 And then redeem'd by los of fame ;  
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch  
 By grave pretence to go to church)  
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,  
 Like Will and Mary on the coin :  
 And thus in modifh manner we,  
 In aid of fugar, fweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form  
 Which e'en the coldeft heart can warm,  
 May with its beauties grace my line,  
 While I bow down before its fhine,  
 And your throng'd altars with my lays  
 Perfume, and get by giving praife.

With

With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien  
 You excommunicate the Spleen,  
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring  
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;  
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
 We look, we listen, and approve,  
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,  
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss;  
 By Celia's pat, on their report,  
 The grave-air'd foul, inclin'd to sport,  
 Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,  
 And loves the floral game, to romp.  
 But who can view the pointed rays,  
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?  
 Love on his throne of glory seems  
 Encompass'd with Satellite beams.  
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright,  
 Diffuse benignly humid light,  
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,  
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.  
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow;  
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,

And,

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And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
 Blood long congealed liquefies :  
 True miracle, and fairly done  
 By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find  
 Such beauties both of form and mind,  
 By modern breeding much debas'd,  
 In half the female world at least !  
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,  
 Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;  
 And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,  
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear  
 Your impious pains to form the fair,  
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;  
 Of every folly-fost'ring bed  
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.  
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,  
 Desist, and give us nature wild,  
 Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
 Which truth and innocence controul.  
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;



Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,  
 You shew so plain, you strive to kill.  
 In love the artless catch the game,  
 And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create  
 The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
 And meant a blessing in a wife  
 To solace the fatigues of life;  
 And old inspired times display,  
 How wives could love, and yet obey.  
 Then truth, and patience of controul,  
 And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul;  
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone;  
 And jealousy, a thing unknown:  
 Veils were the only masks they wore;  
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)  
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,  
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.  
 Wise men did not, to be thought gay,  
 Then compliment their pow'r away:  
 But left, by frail desires misled,  
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;  
 We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.

Thus we at once solicit sense,  
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,  
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,  
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;  
The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,  
To which vacation is disease ;  
A gypsy diction scarce known well  
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,  
I shun ; nor let it breed within  
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;  
Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;  
Where its twelve verd'ers every day  
Are changing still the public way ;  
Yet if we miss our path and err,  
We grievous penalties incur ;  
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,  
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,  
Am loth to lend, or run in debt,

No compter-writs me agitate ;  
 Who moralizing pass the gate,  
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,  
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.  
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
 And forces folly through the grate  
 Her panegyric to repeat.  
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,  
 Enters a caveat in the mind :  
 Experience join'd with common sense,  
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,  
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.  
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
 I run away from party-strife.  
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,  
 And priest, as stoker, very free  
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree  
 Small-beer the deadliest heresy ;  
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive  
 From the most noted whore alive ;

Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
 Forbid the faithful to depend  
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,  
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face  
 We read good-living more than grace :  
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,  
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,  
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,  
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r  
 To the state's mellow forms prefer ;  
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
 And samples of heart-chested grace  
 Expose in shew-glass of the face,  
 Did never me as yet provoke,  
 Either to honour band and cloak,  
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
 At folks, because they are in place,  
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,  
 Serve the ear-lechery of men ;



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 Either to honour band and cloak,  
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
 At folks, because they are in place;  
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,  
 Serve the ear-lechery of men;

But to avoid religious jars  
 The laws are my<sup>e</sup> expositors,  
 Which in my doubting mind create  
 Conformity to church and state.  
 I go, pursuant to my plan,  
 To Mecca with the caravan,  
 And think it right in common sense  
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;  
 To mend the world's a vast design :  
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,  
 To pull to them the ship afloat,  
 While to defeat their labour'd end,  
 At once both wind and stream contend :  
 Success herein is seldom seen,  
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;  
 His skiff does with the current glide,  
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
 And when he can't prevent foul play,  
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.



By these reflections I repeal  
 Each hasty promise made in zeal  
 When g—— I P——s say,  
 We're bound our great light to display,  
 And Indian darkness drive away,  
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send,  
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;  
 When they cry up this holy war,  
 Which every christian should be for,  
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
 We find employ'd as engineers :  
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
 In vain they hold the money-box.  
 At such a conduct, which intends  
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,  
 I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence  
 From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease  
 I suffer not to prove disease,  
 But rise up in the virtuous cause  
 Of a free press, and equal laws.  
 The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!  
 In vain our fires have nobly fought :

While free from force the press remains,  
 Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,  
 And Learning largesses bestows,  
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.  
 We to the nation's public mart  
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
 And philosophic goods this way,  
 Like water carriage, cheap convey.  
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
 Inquisitors with flaming swords  
 From lay-approach with zeal defend,  
 Lest their own paradise should end.  
 The press from her fecundous womb  
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;  
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air;  
 The monster Superstition fled,  
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;  
 And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,  
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.  
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
 To chain, is treason against sense;  
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues  
 None silence, who design no wrongs;

For those, that use the gag's restraint,  
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,  
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,  
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,  
And bite not at projector's bait.  
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
And yet fresh fools are cast away.  
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
Their painted vessel runs aground;  
Or in deep seas it oversets  
By a fierce hurricane of debts;  
Or helm-directors in one trip,  
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
Such was of late a corporation,  
The brazen serpent of the nation,  
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,  
The poor must look at to be blest,  
And thence expect, with paper seal'd  
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,  
And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.

There



There you may see the idol stand  
 With mirror in his wanton hand;  
 Above, below, now here, now there  
 He throws about the sunny glare:  
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill  
 To draw and colour at her will,  
 And raise and round the figures well,  
 And shew her talent to excel,  
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo  
 Unreal beauties Fancy drew,  
 And disappointed, feel despair  
 At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
 Grazing on æther in the park;  
 Who e'er on wing with open throats,  
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,  
 Just in the manner swallows use,  
 Catching their airy food of news;  
 Whose latrant stomachs oft molest  
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;  
 Or see some poet pensive sit,  
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit;

Who,

Who, though short-winded, still will aim  
 To found the epic trump of Fame;  
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,  
 Nor learn conviction from his coat;  
 I bless my stars, I never knew  
 Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,  
 And have from old experience been  
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.  
 These subjects of Apollo's state,  
 Who from false fire derive their fate,  
 With airy purchases undone  
 Of lands, which none lend money on,  
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.  
 Their fancies first delirious grew,  
 And scenes ideal took for true.  
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,  
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes;  
 The fabled gods the poets sing,  
 A season of perpetual spring,  
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,  
 Affording sweets and similes,  
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,  
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,

Apollo's

Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
 The sacred music of the Nine,  
 Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,  
 And for a vacant nich proud aim,  
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew  
 What Fancy's sketching power can do.  
 They will attempt the mountain steep,  
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
 The Muses revelations shew,  
 That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
 Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,  
 Nor are content to be undone,  
 To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.  
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,  
 Afford the most uncertain gain;  
 And lott'ries never tempt the wise  
 With blanks so many to a prize.  
 I only transient visits pay,  
 Meeting the Muses in my way,  
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,  
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names.  
 Nor can their passports in these days,  
 Your profit warrant, or your praise,



On poems by their dictates writ,  
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, fit,  
 And mere upholst'ers in a trice  
 On gems and painting set a price.  
 These tayl'ring artists for our lays  
 Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays  
 Striving free Nature's shape to hit,  
 Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,  
 Can serve the plagiary's ends.  
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.  
 Thus some devoid of art and skill  
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,  
 By genius doom'd to stay below,  
 For their own digging shew the town  
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.  
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
 An artist's judgment to refine,  
 On fame precipitately fix'd,  
 The ore with baser metals mix'd  
 Melt down, impatient of delay,  
 And call the vicious mass a play.

All

All these engage to serve their ends,  
 A band select of trusty friends,  
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,  
 As Psapho taught his birds to sing;  
 Then to the ladies they submit,  
 Returning officers on wit;  
 A crowded house their presence draws,  
 And on the beaux imposes laws,  
 A judgment in its favour ends,  
 When all the pannel are its friends:  
 Their natures merciful and mild  
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child;  
 In bulrush ark the bantling found  
 Helpless and ready to be drown'd,  
 They have preserv'd by kind support,  
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth that you can name,  
 Who needs no leading strings to fame,  
 Whose quick maturity of brain  
 The birth of Pallas may explain:  
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
 I heard Melpomene debate,  
 This, this is he, that was foretold  
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.

Inspir'd by me with sacred art,  
 He sings, and rules the varied heart;  
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,  
 We hear the thunder in his verse;  
 If he describes love turn'd to rage,  
 The furies riot in his page;  
 If he fair liberty and law  
 By ruffian power expiring draw,  
 The keener passions then engage  
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;  
 If he attempt disastrous love,  
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove,  
 Within the kinder passions glow,  
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,  
 And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,  
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease,  
 The active lunacy of pride,  
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride.  
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,  
 I view with no aspiring eye:  
 Like aspine shake the restless leaves,  
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,

Whence



Whence frequent falls give no surprize,  
 But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.  
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd  
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,  
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene  
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.  
 We should be pleas'd that things are so,  
 Who do for nothing see the show,  
 And, middle-siz'd, can pass between  
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,  
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace  
 A wat'ry fun-shine in the face,  
 And pleasures fled to, to redress  
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
 So much a stranger to our sight,  
 Say, goddess, in what happy place  
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
 Thy gracious auspices impart,  
 And for thy temple choose my heart.  
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
 By happy alchymy of mind  
 They turn to pleasure all they find;

They

They both disdain in outward mien  
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,  
 And meretricious arts of dress,  
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;  
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows;  
 Without an opiate they repose;  
 And cover'd by your shield, defy  
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly;  
 Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,  
 Concern themselves with distant cares;  
 But place their bliss in mental rest,  
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
 The blythsome goddess sooths my care,  
 I feel the deity inspire,  
 And thus she models my desire.  
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
 Annuity securely made,  
 A farm some twenty miles from town,  
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;  
 Two maids, that never saw the town,  
 A serving-man not quite a clown,  
 A boy to help to tread the mow,  
 And drive, while t' other holds the plough;

Vol. I.

L

A chief

A chief of temper form'd to please,  
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
 And better to preserve the peace,  
 Commission'd by the name of niece ;  
 With understandings of a size  
 To think their master very wise.  
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
 One genial room to treat a friend,  
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,  
 Display benevolence, not state.  
 And may my humble dwelling stand  
 Upon some chosen spot of land :  
 A pond before full to the brim,  
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim,  
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;  
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;  
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,  
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;  
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
 Which sense and fancy too regale,

Where



Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
Like amphitheatre furrounds :

And woods impervious to the breeze,  
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
From hills through plains in dusk array  
Extended far, repel the day.

Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
Invite, and contemplation aid :

Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
The dark decrees and will of fate,

And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,

While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind :

Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
While Pan melodious pipes away,

In measur'd motions frisk about,  
'Till old Silenus puts them out.

There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
Vie in variety of green ;

Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,

Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,

And silver-streams through meadows stray,  
 And Naiads on the margin play,  
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;  
 See faction, safe in low degree,  
 As men at land see storms at sea,  
 And laugh at miserable elves,  
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;  
 Debar'd the pleasure to impart  
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,  
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,  
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.  
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,  
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,  
 Prone the distressed to relieve,  
 And little trespasses forgive,  
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,  
 And skill to make a busy hour,  
 With trips to town life to amuse,  
 To purchase books, and hear the news,

To see old friends, brush off the clown,  
 And quicken taste at coming down,  
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,  
 And slowly mellowing in age,  
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
 Quit a worn being without pain,  
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,  
 And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hopes, and raptures wild,  
 Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
 His springy soul dilates like air,  
 When free from weight of ambient care,  
 And, hush'd in meditation deep,  
 Slides into dreams, as when asleep ;  
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,  
 Proves a Columbus of her own,  
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
 And through the wilds of endless space,  
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
 Chases light forms, and shadowy things,  
 And in the vague excursion caught,  
 Brings home some rare exotic thought.



The melancholy man such dreams,  
 As brightest evidence, esteems;  
 Fain would he see some distant scene  
 Suggested by his restless Spleen,  
 And Fancy's telescope applies  
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.  
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
 I close examine by the light;  
 For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,  
 Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,  
 And execute plain common sense  
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence?  
 That superstition mayn't create,  
 And club its ills with those of fate,  
 I many a notion take to task,  
 Made dreadful by its visor-mask.  
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,  
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find,  
 Since optic reason shews me plain,  
 I dreaded spectres of the brain,  
 And legendary fears are gone,  
 Though in tenacious childhood sown.  
 Thus in opinions I commence  
 Freeholder in the proper sense,

And neither suit nor service do,  
 Nor homage to pretenders shew,  
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll  
 Lords of the manor of the soul;  
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,  
 To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,  
 O Entium Ens! divinely great!—  
 Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,  
 Nor near the blazing glory fly,  
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,  
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:  
 Through fields unknown nor madly stray,  
 Where no ideas mark the way,  
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,  
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.  
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?  
 Where can, what has no outline, fit?  
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.  
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,  
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,  
 On quicksands swallow'd shipwreck'd thought;

But, conscious of his distance, gives  
 Mute praise, and humble negatives.  
 In one, no object of our sight,  
 Immutable and infinite,  
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,  
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;  
 To him my past and present state  
 I owe, and must my future fate.  
 A stranger into life I'm come,  
 Dying may be our going home,  
 Transported here by angry Fate,  
 The convicts of a prior state.  
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow  
 On matters, I can never know ;  
 Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,  
 He'll grant a settlement at last,  
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
 By leave to lay his being down.  
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round  
 Of life no sooner lost but found,  
 And dissolution soon to come,  
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,  
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave  
 An endless series to receive ;

Then,

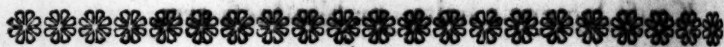


Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,  
 We ballance in another state,  
 And consciousness must go along,  
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.  
 He for his creatures must decree  
 More happiness than misery,  
 Or be supposed to create,  
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :  
 And do an act, which rage infers,  
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
 On even keel with gentle gale ;  
 At helm I make my reason sit,  
 My crew of passions all submit.  
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,  
 Philosophy puts forth her lights ;  
 Experience holds the cautious glass,  
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
 And frequent throws the wary lead,  
 To see what dangers may be hid :  
 And once in seven years I'm seen  
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.  
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,  
 I mind my compass and my way,

With

With store sufficient for relief,  
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,  
Nor wanting the disperfive bowl  
Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
I make (may heav'n propitious send  
Such wind and weather to the end)  
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,  
Life's voyage to the world unknown.



An E P I G R A M,

On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and  
Bishop GILBERT BURNET's Histories.

By the Same.

GIL's history appears to me  
Political anatomy,  
A case of skeletons well done,  
And malefactors every one.  
His sharp and strong incision pen  
Historically cuts up men,

And

And does with lucid skill impart  
Their inward ails of head and heart.

LAURENCE proceeds another way,

And well-dress'd figures doth display :

His characters are all in flesh,

Their hands are fair, their faces fresh ;

And from his sweet'ning art derive

A better scent than when alive.

He wax-work made to please the sons,

Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.



The SPARROW and DIAMOND.

A S O N G.

By the Same.

I.

**I** Lately saw, what now I sing,

Fair Lucia's hand display'd :

This finger grac'd a diamond ring,

On that a sparrow play'd.

II. The



II.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,  
She stroak'd its head and wings ;  
And while it nestled on her breast,  
She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill set  
He loosen'd from the rest,  
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
The easier to digest.

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
Her diamond to descry :  
'Twas gone ! she sicken'd at the sight,  
Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,  
The curtains none undraw,  
The footmen went without their shoes,  
The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art  
Of strong emetic kind,  
The apothecary play'd his part,  
And engineer'd behind.

VII. When

VII.

When phyfic ceas'd to spend its store  
To bring away the stone,  
Dicky, like people given o'er,  
Picks up, when let alone.

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,  
He peck'd behind his wing ;  
Lucia recovering at the news,  
Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Mean-while within her beauteous breast  
Two different passions strove ;  
When av'rice ended the contest,  
And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,  
Thy pains the sex display,  
Who only to repair a ring  
Could take thy life away.

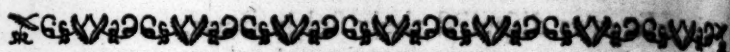
XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
Monster of foulest mien :  
Ye would not let it harbour there  
Could but its form be seen.

XII. It

## XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
 Truth's image break her word,  
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
 A Venus kill her bird.



## J O V E and S E M E L E.

By the Same.

*Occasioned by a Lady's saying, that none of the ancient poetical Stories reflected so much on the Vanity of Women, as that of Phaëton does on the Ambition of Men.*

J O V E for amusement quitted oft his skies,  
 To visit earth, contracted to our size;  
 And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)  
 Exceedingly a game of romps below.  
 Miss Semele he pick'd up, as he went,  
 And thought, he pleas'd her to her heart's content.  
 But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease;  
 Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.  
 In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,  
 Thus she bespake the loving god in bed.

Thou,



Thou, who gav'st Dædalus his mazy art,  
 And knowest all things but a woman's heart,  
 Hear my request for something yet untry'd,  
 And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed,  
 Took any oath; then bade the girl proceed,  
 In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,  
 Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love:  
 What are those joys, which as a man you give,  
 To what a god of thunder can atchieve?  
 Such weight of love, and might of limbs employ,  
 As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.

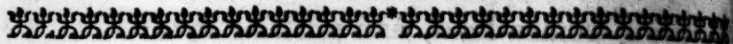
Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,  
 And Semele enjoy'd the god in state:  
 When flaming splendors round his beamy head  
 Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead.

Faint from the course though we awhile retreat,  
 To cool and breathe before another heat;  
 The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,  
 Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time;  
 But must with unabating ardours kiss,  
 And bear down nature with excess of bliss.

Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,  
 Possess'd of lawless empire by your face,

Not

Not to do what you list, because you may,  
 Let cool discretion warm desires allay ;  
 And itching curiosity believe  
 A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.  
 Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,  
 Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.



## The S E E K E R.

By the Same.

**W**HEN I first came to London, I rambled about  
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.  
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd  
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;  
 And urging their various opinions, intended  
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.  
 Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-Inn,  
 (Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin ;  
 Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,  
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;)  
 Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,  
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;

The

The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :

Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace  
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)

Ah! pity your soul : come, be of our sect :

For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.

As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,

Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,  
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)

If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;

The first is in error, the last a deceiver :

That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,

And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,  
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)

Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,

Though about ways and means they may all disagree ;

Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,

'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.



On BARCLAY's Apology for the Quakers.

By the Same.

THESE sheets primæval doctrines yield,  
 Where revelation is reveal'd :  
 Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
 Systems lethargic to the head  
 They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
 That turns to gospel-chyle within.  
 Truth sublimate may here be seen  
 Extracted from the parts terrene.  
 In these is shewn, how men obtain  
 What of Prometheus poets feign :  
 To scripture-plainness dress is brought,  
 And speech, apparel to the thought.  
 They hiss from instinct at red coats,  
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
 Forbid, and press the law of love :  
 Breathing the spirit of the dove.  
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
 As manufactur'd by the priest,

And

And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
 For stuff, which never mends the way ;  
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
 And frank the gospel for our use.  
 They fable standing armies break ;  
 But the militia useful make :  
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,  
 Taught by these rules as well as they ;  
 Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
 Bid us to follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,  
 Such is its bustle and its noise ;  
 Reason the proclamation reads,  
 But not one riot passion heeds.  
 Wealth, honour, power the graces are,  
 Which here below our homage share :  
 They, if one votary they find  
 To mistress more divine inclin'd,  
 In truth's pursuit to cause delay  
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O heav'n, in some retreat,  
 There let the serious death-watch beat,  
 There let me self in silence shun,  
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
 When fast the senses' doors are shut;  
 For so divine and pure a guest  
 The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation ! air serene  
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen !  
 Pure mount of thought ! thrice holy ground,  
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
 And meets exulting, virgin Truth ;  
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
 Impulses rustle through the mind ;  
 Here shines that light with glowing face,  
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace ;  
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
 'Till darkness be by dying past,  
 And then goes out at end of night,  
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me ! the heats and colds of life,  
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,  
 Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,  
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,  
 And raise despair ; my lamp can last,  
 Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.



False eloquence, big empty sound,  
 Like showers, that rush upon the ground,  
 Little beneath the surface goes,  
 All streams along and muddy flows.  
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,  
 And nervates so the good design,  
 That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive !  
 Like you I think, but cannot live.  
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
 That, from dependence life exempt ;  
 And constitution fram'd so strong,  
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong,  
 Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
 I live by pulling off the hat ;  
 Compell'd by station every hour  
 To bow to images of power ;  
 And, in life's busy scenes immers'd,  
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
 And make ten thousand truths give way,

While I your scheme with pleasure trace,  
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.  
 Consider well your state, she cries,  
 Like others kneel, that you may rise;  
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
 To which preferment is annex'd,  
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
 Idolatry upon your friends.  
 See, how you like my rueful face,  
 Such you must wear, if out of place.  
 Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse  
 Without one farthing out at use.  
 They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,  
 With faith so founded on a rock,  
 May give a rich invention ease,  
 And construe scripture how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old  
 Us'd heav'n's high counsels to unfold,  
 Did, more than courier angels, greet  
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat.



P R E - E X I S T E N C E :

A P O E M,

In Imitation of M I L T O N.

*Has quoniam cæli nondum dignamur honore,  
Quas dedimus certè terras habitare sinamus.*

NOW had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime  
Above the walls of heav'n, begun to sound;  
All æther took the blast, and hell beneath  
Shook with celestial noise; th' almighty host  
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood  
Of guilty cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,  
Pause at the known command of sounding gold.  
At first they close the wide Tartarian gates,  
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge  
Roll creaking horrible; the din beneath



O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.  
 Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing  
 They cut their shining traces up to light;  
 Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day,  
 Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,  
 And with eternal gleam drive back the night.  
 They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd  
 In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,  
 Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,  
 Doubtful and suppliant; all the plumes of light  
 Mould from their shuddering wings, and sickly fear  
 Shades every face with horror; conscious guilt  
 Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast  
 Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven  
 Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn  
 Voluminous, on jasper columns hung  
 By geometry divine: they ever glow  
 With living sculptures, that arise by turns  
 To imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set  
 To give succeeding argument their place;  
 In holy hieroglyphics on they move,  
 The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass  
 Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.

Here

Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard  
 Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll  
 Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit fits  
 Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,  
 In just divisions breaks the numerous jarr  
 With symphony melodious, such as spheres  
 Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory ; for on high  
 Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,  
 Vast and majestic ; on each radiant side  
 The pointed rays slope glittering ; at the foot  
 Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,  
 In liquid torrents through the black abyfs,  
 Sparkling among reluctant shapes which thence  
 Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes  
 With inward torments, and disgorges flames,  
 O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves  
 Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll  
 Sweeping the glowing flames down to the sea ;  
 Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar  
 To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild  
 Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright  
 Of past, of present, and of coming time

Fix'd

Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present  
 An endless landscape of created things  
 To sight celestial, where angelic eyes  
 Are lost in prospect; for the shiny range,  
 Boundless and various, in its bosom bears  
 Millions of full-proportion'd worlds, beheld  
 With steadfast eyes, 'till more arise to view,  
 And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait  
 About the throne, and as it moves, proceed  
 In numerous order, to celestial song.  
 Above, the symphony of mellow flutes,  
 And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,  
 Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend  
 The solemn sounds in harmony divine;  
 Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws  
 To globes on high, and the just figure guide  
 Of planets forming all their airy dance.  
 Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er  
 The starry pavement; stars and hills of light  
 Double their glories where the chariot rolls  
 With rattling sound; and th' empyræum vast  
 Down to its steadfast axis, groans throughout  
 Under the burning tracts, 'till now it rests

Upon



Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there  
 With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues ; a deep and awful pause

More terrible, all expectation held

In horror : now wrath imminent amaz'd

With dreadful precipice, to all it seems

More formidable near ; then from the throne

A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God,

Majestically long, repugnant all

To princes' customs here ; their judgments flash

On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.

Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech

Set wide the fate of things ; that all around

Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and Virtues great in arms ;

We approve your faithful works, and you return

Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;

Resolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force

Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r ;

Transfix'd with lightning down they sunk, they fell

Into the fiery gulph, and deep they plunge

Below the burning waves, to hide their heads

In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence

More fierce, and scorching with more dreadful fires.

There

There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy  
 Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace ;  
 Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn  
 Of heavenly day ; instead, the mind imbibes  
 Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,  
 Can find no ease ; while fierce their boiling rage  
 Eats through th' impyreal mould, and glows within  
 With endless pain ; not one repentant thought  
 Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,  
 The soul anneals and hardens in the fire.

But you commission'd by commands divine,  
 Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all  
 Within the fervid lake, left any roam  
 Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,  
 And in the womb immense of things unborn  
 Should seek annihilation ; you must rise  
 Among the shining Virtues more sublime ;  
 On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng ! that lately join'd  
 In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,  
 And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,  
 Superior in their order ; you accept,  
 Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.  
 When the long æra once has fill'd its orb,

You

You shall emerge to light, and humbly here  
 Again shall bow before his favouring throne,  
 If your own virtue second my decree :  
 But all must have their manes first below,  
 Who stands th' eternal fate, but smother yours  
 Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,  
 Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;  
 For forms celestial new erect in glory  
 Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,  
 Did not the nerves of justice fix their fight.

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep  
 A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout  
 The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power  
 There swiftly turns the burning eddy round,  
 Absorbing all crude matter near its brink ;  
 Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form  
 I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds  
 All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise  
 Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,  
 Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims  
 Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.  
 The middle point a globe of curling fire  
 Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;  
 Where'er I kindle life the motion grows  
 In all the endless orbs, from this machine ;

And



And infinite vicissitudes shall roll  
 About the restless center; for I rear,  
 In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,  
 Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops  
 Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps  
 Hover within their boughs, to choak the light;  
 Impervious scenes of horror, 'till reform'd  
 To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,  
 By your continual pains. The torrid zone  
 Here fries with constant heat, the swarthy world,  
 Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,  
 And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,  
 Stretch their uncertain heaps; no less the frost  
 At either end shall rage, and high shall raise  
 Firm promontories; vast the ruins seem  
 Of desert nature, and th' eternal piles  
 Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,  
 Arm either pole, that yearly peeps askance  
 On coming light, but feels no gentle ray  
 Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie  
 The changeful climes, alternately they burn,  
 And chill again by turns; for both extremes  
 Make their incursions here; and this my will  
 Unchangeable ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath mishapen Chaos, and the field  
 Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,  
 Wage an eternal war with dismal roar;  
 The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,  
 Sacred to horror, and eternal night:  
 Here Silence fits, whose visionary shape  
 In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,  
 And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head;  
 An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,  
 Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd:  
 Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts  
 Of those forgetful streams, 'till forms within,  
 And all the great ideas fade and die:  
 For if vast thought should play about a mind  
 Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,  
 Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage,  
 It soon would break its grates and wing away:  
 'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return  
 Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,  
 To visit the new world; and strait to feel  
 Itself, in crude consistence closely shut,  
 The dreadful monument of just revenge;  
 Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect  
 On fleeting matter all imprison'd round

With

With walls of clay ; th' ætherial mould shall bear  
 The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,  
 Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.  
 Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,  
 And all the haughty movements rise and fall,  
 As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul ;  
 And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns  
 Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,  
 With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,  
 As matter leads the dance ; but one desire,  
 Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,  
 Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay  
 On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,  
 That longer for the destin'd body wait,  
 Less penance I expect ; and short abode  
 In those pale dreary kingdoms will content :  
 Each has his lamentable lot, and all,  
 On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove :  
 Nightly he visits all the sylvan scenes,  
 Where far remote, a melancholy moon  
 Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,  
 Throws here and there the glimmerings thro' the trees,

To



To make more awful darknefs. Starry lights,  
Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn  
A pale sad influence ; and they gild the plains  
With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades  
A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The SAGE shall haunt this solitary ground,  
And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within  
In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.  
Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,  
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,  
Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat,  
Wherein the soul bereav'd of native fire,  
Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,  
Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides  
O'er jarring images with Reason's sway,  
Which by his ordering more confounds their form ;  
And by decisions more embroils the fray :  
The more he strives t' appease, the more he feels  
The struggling surges of the darksome void  
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts  
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,  
A Chaos of wild science, where sometimes  
The clashing notions strike out casual light,  
Which soon must perish and be lost again

In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries  
 With all his might to raise some weighty thought,  
 Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,  
 Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.  
 High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue  
 Of fleeting images he draws in vain  
 To wond'rous length; (for still the turning maze  
 Eludes his art) its end flies far away,  
 And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,  
 Returning oft on the same beaten thought.  
 For much of good he talks, and life serene,  
 Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste  
 Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast,  
 Stubborn in anguish; idle wisdom all,  
 Weak forcery to charm a real pain;  
 Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks  
 Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts  
 He kindles doubt; and while he strives to blow  
 The ashes off, revives the brand of care.

Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noisy race  
 In cities full and frequent take their seat,  
 Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd  
 With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within  
 A tempest, and, driv'n onward by success,

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Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day  
 Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase  
 Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound  
 Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,  
 Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell  
 To tympany enormous. Bright in arms  
 Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads  
 A martial throng, his instruments of rage,  
 To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.  
 Ambition drives, and round the world he roams,  
 Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise  
 Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves  
 Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats  
 The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise  
 In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings  
 Around the servile globe, that tamely bends  
 Beneath his haughty reign; and all his slaves  
 Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan  
 Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar  
 With human voice disguis'd; earth, water, fire,  
 Are made (dire elements of cruelty!)  
 Subservient to his lust, and power to kill;  
 Yet shall the herd endure, nor dare to break  
 United their imaginary chain;



While their great monarch chills with equal fears,  
 No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes  
 The haughty purple, dark and cloudy caes  
 Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,  
 Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,  
 And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.  
 But death shall shift those scenes of misery ;  
 Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,  
 And urge on ling'ring fate ; the ensigns blaze  
 About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,  
 Prepare a solemn way to griezly war ;  
 Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks  
 Erect their shining heads, and round the filed  
 A harvest's scene of formidable death ;  
 Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst  
 Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans  
 Of men below that roll in certain death.  
 These are the mortal sports, the tragic plays  
 By man himself embroil'd ; the dire debate  
 Makes the waste desert seem serene and mild,  
 Where savage nature in one common lies,  
 By homely cots possess'd ; all squalid, wild,  
 And despicably poor, they range the field,  
 And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,

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Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear  
 Their panting flesh ; and now with nails unclean  
 They tug their shaggy beards ; and deeply quaff  
 Of human woe, even when they rudely sip  
 The flowing stream, or chew the savory pulp  
 Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits  
 Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger fought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law  
 Fences the general safety of the world,  
 No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,  
 In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er  
 His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,  
 Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train  
 Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind  
 To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn  
 Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs  
 Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads  
 Of punishment and crime deform the world,  
 And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throes  
 He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears  
 And infant cries prelude his future woes ;  
 And all is one continu'd scene of grief,  
 'Till the sad fable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close  
 Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings  
 Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,  
 Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands,  
 Afraid to leap into the opening gulph  
 Of future fate, 'till all the banks of clay  
 Fall from beneath his feet : in vain he grasps  
 The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish.  
 Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp  
 (Which with its sickly fires would shoot its beams  
 To distances unknown, and stretch its rays  
 Askance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)  
 Is sunk into his socket ; inly there  
 It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame  
 Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

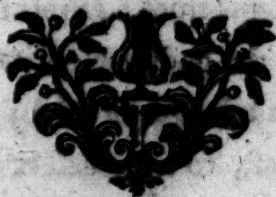
Then the gay glories of the living world  
 Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire  
 Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade  
 Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face.  
 Music shall cease, and instruments of joy  
 Shall fail that sullen hour ; nor can the mind  
 Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,  
 Confus'd and crush'd with cares : for long shall seem  
 The dreary road, and melancholy dark,

That



That leads he knows not where. Here empty space  
 Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb  
 All being : yonder footy demons glare,  
 And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout  
 Of wild imagination dance and play  
 Before his eyes obscure ; 'till all in death  
 Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,  
 Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,  
 And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds  
 The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host  
 Approve the high decree, and loud they sing  
 Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,  
 Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,  
 Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there  
 For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.





" 'Tis not from length of years our pleasures flow,

" Nor to the gods alone our bliss we owe.

" Our happiness, and pain depend on us :

" Man's his own good, or evil genius.

" Great ills by art we lighten, or remove,

" And art our meanest pleasures may improve :

" Much to ourselves is due, though much to Jove. }

" Think not, young prince, your elevated state,

" Birth, honours, or the empty name of great,

" Can fix your joys ; they're ill secur'd, unless

" You know yourself to form your happiness,

" Which in the shepherd's humble hut is found,

" While palaces with discord still resound.

" Fortune to industry is ever kind,

" And, though by the blind vulgar painted blind,

" Is still more equal than the crowd suppose,

" Who judge of happiness by outward shows ;

" She smiles on all conditions, each may be

" A man of pleasure in his own degree.

" Yet few with art their happiness pursue,

" Though all mankind have happiness in view,

" And every sense seems made by nature's skill

" For giving pleasure and avoiding ill.

" Nature



" Nature our common mother has been kind,  
 " And for a race of joy her sons design'd,  
 " Who long to reach the goal, yet lazy, lag behind,  
 " Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t' advance,  
 " They leave the work of industry to chance.  
 " And of those few who with more active strife  
 " Pursue this great, important end of life,  
 " Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;  
 " Or aim at things beyond their human state:  
 " These last through too much delicacy fall,  
 " And by refining rob themselves of all.  
 " Shun then, Achilles, shun the faults of such,  
 " Who still propose too little, or too much.  
 " Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet despair,  
 " But above all, of indolence beware.  
 " Attend to what you do, or life will seem  
 " But a mere vision, or fantastic dream,  
 " Pass'd in ideas of delight, at best:  
 " While real pleasure's lost in doubtful rest.  
 " In short, learn when, and how to bear; in vain  
 " He pleasure seeks, who is afraid of pain;  
 " Pleasure's a serious thing, and cheaply bought  
 " By labour, patience, management, and thought:

" But

“ But you, aspiring youth, by nature seem  
“ Addicted to an opposite extreme ;  
“ Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam’d,  
“ And, like a generous courser, hardly tam’d ;  
“ In all things violent : but, O ! disdain,  
“ Brave prince, to let usurping passion reign,  
“ In one rash moment sacrificing more  
“ Than years of sad repentance may restore.

“ As Thracian winds the Euxine sea molest,  
“ So wrath, and envy, from an human breast  
“ Drive Halcyon peace, and banish kindly rest.  
“ And no security for joy is found,  
“ But in a mind that’s tractable and found.

“ Suppress the first emotions of your ire,  
“ And smother in its birth the kindling fire.  
“ Ere anger yet possesses all your soul,  
“ Ere yet your bosom heaves, and eyeballs roll,  
“ Think on the useful precepts, I have taught,  
“ And meet the rising heat with wholesome thought.

“ Or seek the sacred Muses with your lyre,  
“ Who with sweet peace to lonely shades retire ;  
“ Gods, and the sons of gods, the heroes, sing,  
“ While hills and vallies with their praises ring ;

“ These

" These learn to imitate, and those adore,  
 " And sweetly to yourself, yourself restore;  
 " Music, and verse, and solitude controul  
 " Impetuous fury, and compose the soul.  
     " For this, I early taught you how to sing,  
 " And form'd your fingers to the trembling string;  
 " For 'tis not all sweet pleasure's path to show:  
 " The art of consolation man should know:  
 " Our joys are short, and broken; and in vain  
 " To constant bliss would human race attain:  
 " Be oft contented to be free from pain.

" There is a deity, ordain'd by fate  
 " To damp our joys immoderately great,  
 " That none on earth from sorrow should be free,  
 " But ev'n our blessings taste of misery.  
 " If fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,  
 " An equal share of pleasure, and of pain,  
 " Our portion is o'erpaid, the rest you'll find  
 " But fond ideas of the wanton mind;  
 " Which now vain scenes of godlike pleasure shows,  
 " And now creates imaginary woes.  
     " When sad, your ills examine and compare,  
 " Judge of your own by what another's are.

Consider



" Consider greater wretches, and the fates  
" Of mighty heroes, and of mighty states :  
" Thus real evils in their proper light  
" Appear, the false thus vanish out of sight.

" Nor aim at pleasures difficult to gain,  
" Choose rather what you may with ease obtain.

" Who scorns to trifle, is by pride abus'd :

" I pity him who ne'er can be amus'd ;

" But slighting pleasures moderate and small,

" Must live in rapture, or not live at all.

" Great pleasures still are near ally'd to pain :

" Who quits the peaceful shore, and ploughs the main,

" Big waves and mighty tempests must sustain.

" Let not such fond ambition to be blest,

" The humbler pleasures in your power molest ;

" Yet cherish hope ; for without hope there's none :

" Taste hope ; but be not fed with that alone.

" Some their whole lives in expectation spend,

" As life were not begun, or ne'er would end :

" Fondly from day to day themselves deceive,

" Not living, but intending still to live ;

" While they neglect the joys they might possess,

" For empty dreams of future happiness.

" Let

“ Let nature in your pleasures be your guide,  
“ Nor suffer art her genuine charms to hide :  
“ Her beauties with unwearied eyes we see ;  
“ The truth of beauty is simplicity.  
“ Live not by imitation, servile state !  
“ Nor on the fashion for your pleasures wait.  
“ Man, otherwise so selfish, or so proud,  
“ Submits his taste to the fantastic crowd,  
“ And lives not for himself ; do you pursue  
“ Your own desires, and to yourself be true.  
“ As bees extract their sweets from every flow’r,  
“ So you your joys from all things in your pow’r,  
“ With industry and management produce ;  
“ The meanest trifles are sometimes of use.  
“ Yet know well what you do, and when ’tis done,  
“ Nor at all hours to every pleasure run ;  
“ But mix with art your pleasures, and your toils ;  
“ For pleasures have their seasons, and their soils.  
“ Thus when the earliest dawn of eastern light  
“ Proclaims the finish’d empire of the night,  
“ Haste to the field, Achilles, nor disdain  
“ To chace the foaming monster o’er the plain,  
“ Or teach the untam’d steed to feel the rein ;

}  
“ Or

" Or let your car and arms your nerves prepare,

" Or for Olympic games or future war :

" Then, whether arts or glory fire your mind,

" Will thoughts more generous rise, or more refin'd ;

" Aurora to the Muses still is kind.

}

" At noon, a simple short repast be made ;

" A shorter slumber in the cooling shade ;

" What's gay and light th' unbended mind employs,

" Or sports, or past delights, or future joys,

" But when the ev'ning-star begins to rise,

" When Phœbus' fainting steeds forsake the skies,

" Still chearful at the well-spread board be found,

" Amidst bright friends, and with fresh garlands crown'd,

" While wine, and Thais with her voice and lyre,

" Banish old sorrows, and new joys inspire.

" Thus when from toils of empire you are free,

" Nor camp, nor council claim your liberty,

" The morn to labour and the Muses give ;

" At noon with temperance and quiet live ;

" Ceres' and Bacchus' gifts at ev'ning prove ;

" Divide the night with Somnus and with Love.

" Thus, thus, Pelides, drive your cares away,

" Nor fear the evil, 'till the evil day.

" What



" What though on Simois' or Scamander's shore,  
 " Far off from home, the Greeks your death deplore?  
 " No matter where, or when; it once must be,  
 " And nothing can revoke the firm decree.  
 " Though Thetis' son, though third from mighty Jove,  
 " Eternal monarch of the realms above,  
 " Nor Jove, nor Thetis, can your days recal,  
 " Or for an hour defer your destin'd fall.  
 " Mean while a looser rein to pleasure give:  
 " Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live:  
 " Seize on the precious minutes, as they fleet;  
 " Your life, however short, will be compleat,  
 " If at the fatal moment you can say,  
 " I've liv'd, and made the most of every day!  
 " One precept more I fain would recommend,  
 " And then old Chiron's tedious lessons end.  
 " Learn, gen'rous prince, what's little understood,  
 " The godlike happiness of doing good.  
 " How glorious to defend, and to bestow!  
 " From nobler springs can human pleasure flow?  
 " A solid good which nothing can destroy,  
 " The best prerogative the great enjoy.  
 " For this, remember, monarchs first were made,  
 " For this, young prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,

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" At once yourself, and mighty nations bless,

" And make humanity your happiness.

" But now Aurora ushers in the day,

" And fond, expecting Peleus chides your stay.

" Go then, brave youth, where'er the Fates may call;

" Live with design, and fearless wait thy fall.

" Whatever space of life the gods decree,

" Thy name is still immortal ; for I see

" More than another Peleus rise in thee.

" Thy fame the <sup>a</sup> prince of sacred bards shall fire,

" Thy deeds the <sup>b</sup> conquest of the world inspire."



Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Υ Τ Ο Ν .

KNOW YOUR SELF.

By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I ? how produc'd ? and for what end ?

Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?

Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,

Drop'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance ?

<sup>a</sup> Homer.

<sup>b</sup> By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, proposing Achilles for his example.

VOL. I.

O

Or

Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,  
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought?  
 By motion which began without a cause,  
 Supremely wise, without design or laws?  
 Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;  
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood?  
 The purple stream that through my vessels glides,  
 Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides:  
 The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:  
 This frame compacted with transcendent skill,  
 Of moving joints obedient to my will,  
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,  
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.  
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,  
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;  
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,  
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.  
 What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth.  
 By parents' right, I own as mother, earth;  
 But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,  
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:  
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,  
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd;

With



With look erect, I dart my longing eye,  
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;  
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,  
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.  
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,  
 View worlds around their flaming centers roll:  
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,  
 Through the same trackless paths of boundless void!  
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,  
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale:  
 These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,  
 Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,  
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,  
 Erase the new-born image from my mind;  
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,  
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,  
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,  
 And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.  
 If on sublimer wings of love and praise,  
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,  
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,  
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.  
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,  
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.

By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,  
 I rove to one, now to the other coast ;  
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,  
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.  
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth  
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;  
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,  
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.  
 Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confin'd,  
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;  
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways  
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;  
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,  
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;  
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,  
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy :  
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,  
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,  
 Whether next fun his being shall restrain  
 To endless nothing, happiness or pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,  
 (Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue ;  
 Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,  
 Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies :

Down

Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,  
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest :  
 Between these wide extremes the length is such,  
 I find I know too little or too much.

" Almighty Power, by whose most wise command,  
 " Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;  
 " Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,  
 " Or break into my soul with perfect day !"

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,  
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.

Thus the benighted traveller that strays  
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;  
 The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,  
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.

" O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,  
 " I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;  
 " Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,  
 " And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;  
 " Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,  
 " Too hard for worldly sages to explain.

" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,  
 " Their systems false, delusive were their dreams :  
 " Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,

" One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride :



" Those jarring truths which human art beguile,  
 " Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."  
 Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
 What thou once wert, art now, and still may be,  
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;  
 Faultless thou drop'dst from his unerring skill,  
 With the bare power to sin, since free of will:  
 Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,  
 For who has power to walk, has power to rove:  
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve;  
 And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.  
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,  
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;  
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;  
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill:  
 Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,  
 In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,  
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;  
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,  
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.  
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,  
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;

Repast  
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 In vain  
 Return  
 Yet thi  
 Borne  
 Myster  
 Sooring  
 Let hu  
 Repair

Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,  
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;  
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,  
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,  
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,  
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd.  
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,  
 Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God :  
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,  
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;  
 Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;  
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :  
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
 Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.





L O N D O N,

A P O E M,

In Imitation of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

— — — — *Quis ineptæ*

*Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?* Juv.

**T**HOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,  
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;

JUV. SAT. III.

<sup>a</sup> *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;  
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis  
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

Who



Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,  
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

<sup>b</sup> For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?  
There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay;  
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;  
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;  
Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

<sup>c</sup> While THALES waits the wherry that contains  
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,  
On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.

<sup>b</sup> — Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ.  
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non  
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus  
Teſtorum affiduos, et mille pericula sævæ  
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?  
<sup>c</sup> Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,  
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——

Struck with the feat that gave \* Eliza birth,  
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;  
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,  
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;  
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.  
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
 At length awaking with contemptuous frown,  
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

<sup>d</sup> Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days  
 Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;  
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;  
 Since hope but sooths to double my distress,  
 And every moment leaves my little less;

<sup>d</sup> Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis  
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,  
 Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras  
 Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illic  
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas;  
 Dum nova canities ———

\* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

While

While yet my steady steps no \* staff sustains,  
 And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;  
 Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,  
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;  
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,  
 Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;  
 Where once the harrafs'd Briton found repose,  
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;  
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give:  
 † Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.  
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite  
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;  
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;  
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,  
 And lend a lye the confidence of truth.  
 ‡ Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,  
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,  
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

\* —— et pedibus me

Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

† Cedamus patriâ : vivant Arturius isic

Et Catulus : mancant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

‡ Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,  
 Siccandam eluvium, portandum ad busta cadaver.—  
 Munera nunc edunt.

Heroes,



Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?  
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?  
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.  
 To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,  
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:  
<sup>b</sup> But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?  
 Who scarce forbear, though BRITAIN'S court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;  
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,  
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.  
<sup>i</sup> Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;  
 With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,

<sup>a</sup> Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,  
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

<sup>i</sup> —Ferre ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,  
 Quæ mandat, norint alii: me nemo ministro  
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

all hold?  
gold?

Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

wn.

\* For what but social guilt the friend endears?

n:

Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares:

me,

But thou, should tempting villainy present,

e sing,

All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,

Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,

Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,

The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,

Unfollied fame, and conscience ever gay.

† The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see;

Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me.

LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,

The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,

With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,

Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,

\* I cannot bear a French metropolis.

\* Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius?

Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,  
Accusare potest. —

† — Tanti tibi non sit opaci

Omnis arenâ Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
Ut somno careas. —

‡ Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,  
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

§ — Non possum ferre, Quirites,

Græcam urbem. —

Illustrious

• Illustrious EDWARD ! from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustic grandeur, or the furly grace,  
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;  
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,  
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;  
 His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politics import;  
 • Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 • They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clasp;  
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

• Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,  
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

• Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo  
 Promptus. —————

• Augur, schcenobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit  
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jussis, ibit.

Ah!



' Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air ;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And list the tales of HENRY'S victories ;  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain ?

' Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite :  
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,  
 Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;  
 In every face a thousand graces shine,  
 From every tongue flows harmony divine.  
 ' These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,  
 And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice this discerning age  
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :  
 ' Well may they venture on the mimic's art,  
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;

- ' Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum  
Hauit Aventini ?
- ' Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat  
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici ?
- ' Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis  
Ceditur.
- ' Natio comœda est. Rides ? majore cachinno  
Concutitur, &c.

Practis'd

Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;  
 With every wild absurdity comply,  
 And view each object with another's eye ;  
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear,  
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.  
 \* How, when competitors like these contend,  
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?  
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
 And lye without a blush, without a smile ;  
 Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,  
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear  
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caress'd,  
 They first invade your table, then your breast ;  
 † Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;

\* Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni  
 Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum :  
 A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,  
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.  
 † Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timeri.

Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

<sup>2</sup> By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.  
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.  
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,  
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;  
With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,  
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

<sup>1</sup> Of all the griefs that harraßs the distress'd;  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

<sup>1</sup> Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,  
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?  
No secret island in the boundless main?  
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?  
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

<sup>2</sup> ——— Materiem præbet causasque jocosum  
Omnibus hic idem? si scæda & scissa lacerna, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

<sup>1</sup> ——— Agmine facto  
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.



This mournful truth is every where confess'd,  
 ' SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:  
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;  
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
 The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
 Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies:  
 Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,  
 Some pompous palace or some blisful bow'r,  
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight  
 Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;  
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
 And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;  
 ' Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
 For where can starving merit find a home?  
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

' Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
 Res angusta domi; sed Romæ durior illis  
 Conatus ———.

—————Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio ———

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

' ———Ultimus autem

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem  
 Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

Should

Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,  
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground,  
 Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,  
 And public mournings pacify the skies ;  
 The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,  
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;  
 ' With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band  
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.  
 See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;  
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;  
 And raise his treasures higher than before.  
 Now blest'd with all the baubles of the great,  
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,  
 ' Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,  
 And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.  
 ' Could'st thou resign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;

P 2

There

- Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,  
 Pullati proceres.—————
- † Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,  
 Conferat impensas : hic, &c.  
 Hic modium argenti.—————
- ‡ Meliora, ac plura reponit  
 Perficus orborum lautissimus.—————
- § Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,  
 Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,

Quanti

There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;  
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;  
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;  
 And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,  
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord.

There every bush with nature's music rings,  
 There every breeze bears health upon its wings ;  
 On all thy hours security shall smile,  
 And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

<sup>i</sup> Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

<sup>k</sup> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;  
 Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.  
 Hortulus hic————

Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,  
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis,

<sup>i</sup> ———Possis ignavus haberi,  
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si  
 Intestatus eas.

<sup>k</sup> Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,  
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum  
 Peleidæ.————



<sup>1</sup> Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,  
 Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;  
 Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,  
 Their prudent insults to the poor confine;  
 Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
 And shun the shining train and golden coach.

<sup>2</sup> In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,  
 And hope the balmy blessings of repose:  
 Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
 The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;  
 Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,  
 And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

<sup>3</sup> Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
 With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
 Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
 Whose ways and means support the sinking land;  
 Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,  
 To rig another convoy for the k——g.

<sup>1</sup> ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,  
 Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna  
 Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,  
 Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

<sup>2</sup> Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliæ te  
 Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne  
 Vomæ deficiat, ne marra et sarcula defint.

° A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,  
 Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
 Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,  
 Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;  
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
 Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

° Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,  
 The tide retiring calls me from the land:

° Farewel!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,  
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;  
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,  
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;  
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,  
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;  
 In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

° Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas  
 Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis  
 Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

° His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:  
 Sed jumenta vocant.——

° ———Ergo valè nostri memor: & quoties te  
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,  
 Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam  
 Convelle a Cumis: satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,  
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N B Y

Mr. G A R R I C K.

At the Opening of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE 1747.

By the Same.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR rose;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule;



His studious patience, and laborious art,  
 By regular approach assail'd the heart ;  
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise,  
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
 Nor wish'd for JOHNSON'S art, or SHAKESPEAR'S flame;  
 Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ ;  
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend,  
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,  
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long ;  
 'Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,  
 And Virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd ;  
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
 'Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.  
 Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But

But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,  
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit :  
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,  
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

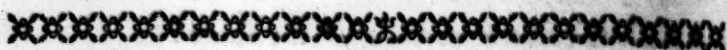
But who the coming changes can presage,  
 And mark the future periods of the stage ?  
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Durseys, yet remain in store.  
 Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,  
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride.  
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)  
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;  
 With every meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
 Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice ;  
 The stage but echoes back the public voice,  
 The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
 For we that live to please, must please, to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;  
 'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense ;

To

To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
For useful mirth, and salutary woe ;  
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.



Of ACTIVE and RETIRED LIFE.

A N

E P I S T L E to H. C. Esq;

*Meo quidem judicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit  
debitos titulos, dum alter mavult videri contempniffe.*

PLIN. Ep.

By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq;

First printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.

**Y**ES, you condemn those sages too refin'd,  
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind ;  
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,  
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.

'Tis



'Tis in false estimates the folly lies ;  
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise.

In vain philosophers with warmth contest,  
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best :

Each has its separate joys, and each its use :

This calls the patriot forth, and that the Muse.

Hence not alike to all the species, heav'n

An equal thirst of public fame has giv'n :

Patrius it forms to shine in action great ;

While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.

If where Pierian maids delight to dwell,

The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,

Had, fair Astræa ! been thy Talbot's choice,

Could list'ning crowds now hang upon his voice ?

And thou, blest maid, might'st long have wept in vain }

The distant glories of a second reign,

In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.

Were high ambition still the power confess'd

That rul'd with equal sway in every breast,

Say where the glories of the sacred nine ?

Where Homer's verse sublime, or, Milton, thine ?

Nor thou, sweet bard ! who " turn'd the tuneful art,

" From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart."

I

Thy

Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,  
Nor greatly justified the laws of heav'n.

Let satire blast with every mark of hate,  
The vain aspirer, or dishonest great,  
Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway  
Push forward, still regardless of the way;  
High and more high who aim with restless pride,  
Where neither reason nor fair virtue guide:  
And him, the wretch, who labors on with pain,  
For the low lucre of an useless gain,  
(Wife but to get, and active but to save)  
May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.  
But he who fond to raise a splendid name,  
On life's ambitious height would fix his fame,  
In active arts, or vent'rous arms would shine,  
Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline;  
Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,  
To raise th' oppress'd, or merit to produce —  
Shall reason's voice impartial e'er condemn  
The glorious purpose of so wise an aim?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,  
'Twere dangerous folly to suppress its fire.  
Say, whence could fame supply (its force unknown)  
Her roll illustrious of fair renown?

What

What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage ?  
 What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage ?  
 Each public passion bound to endless frost,  
 Each deed of social worth for ever lost.

O! may the Muse inspire the love of praise,  
 Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise !  
 For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,  
 Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice ;  
 Bid him the steep ascent to honor take,  
 Nor, 'till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake.

Yet not success alone true fame attends ;  
 He too shall reach it who but well intends.  
 See 'midst the vanquish'd virtuous, \* Falkland lies ;  
 His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his sighs ;  
 Yet true to merit faithful records tell,  
 To distant ages how the patriot fell :  
 Blest youth ! insur'd the sweetest voice of praise,  
 Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrival'd lays.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,  
 But bright example best instructs the heart :  
 Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew  
 From active life what various blessings flow.

\* He was killed in the civil wars : see his character at large in Clarendon's history.



In him a just ambition stands confess'd ;  
 It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.  
 See him in senates act the patriot's part,  
 Truth on his lips, the public at his heart ;  
 There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,  
 The honest purpose of his steady soul.  
 No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue  
 To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong ;  
 But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice  
 Joins here, or there, as reason guides his choice.  
 To one great point his faithful labors tend,  
 And all his toils in Britain's interest end.  
 To him each neighbour safe refers his claim,  
 The right he settles, and abates the flame.  
 Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,  
 Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.  
 For him the hand unseen, are pray'rs prefer'd,  
 And grateful vows in distant temples heard ;  
 Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,  
 His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind,  
 That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state  
 Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,  
 Flies far the limits of his modest gate.

Just what is elegantly useful's there ;  
 Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care ;  
 Nor would, for all the trim that pride can show,  
 One single act of social aid forego ;  
 For this he labors to improve his store,  
 For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r ;  
 This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim :  
 Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour !  
 With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r :  
 Large sums o'erlooking, still intent on more,  
 He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless store.  
 His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,  
 And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.  
 'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd ;  
 For what can fill the false-ambitious mind ?  
 With all the honors that his prince could give,  
 With all the wealth his av'rice could receive,  
 'Midst outward opulence, but inward care,  
 Reproach and want was all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,  
 And from his country just applause may claim.  
 But what avails it to the world beside,  
 That Brutus bravely stab'd, or Curtius dy'd ?

While

While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,  
 Diffuses blessings down through all our race;  
 Remotest times his learned labors reach,  
 And Rome's great moralist ev'n now shall teach.

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,  
 And all the splendid ills of busy life,  
 Through latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,  
 Are there who wish to pass unheeded by?  
 Whom calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,  
 The hour contemplative, or friend they love;  
 Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,  
 Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread;  
 Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,  
 Whilst science, lovely star! directs their way?  
 Flows there not something good from such as these?  
 No useful product from the men of ease?  
 And shall the Muse no social merit boast?  
 Are all her vigils to the public lost?  
 Though noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,  
 Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil:  
 There every plant of useful produce grows,  
 There science sprang, and thence instruction flows;  
 There true philosophy erects her school,  
 There plans her problem, and there forms her rule;

There



There every seed of every art began,  
 And all that eases life, and brightens man.  
 'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius! soar'd,  
 And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.  
 Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line  
 He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.  
 Too long had darker ages sought in vain  
 The secret scheme of nature to explain;  
 Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,  
 Or faintly shone through vain philosophy.  
 Each shapely offspring of her feeble thought,  
 A darker veil o'er genuine science brought;  
 Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil;  
 For truth and fiction who shall reconcile?  
 But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue;  
 Tread safe the maze, since Newton gave the clue.  
 Where-e'er he turn'd true Science rear'd her head,  
 While far before her puzzled Ign'rance fled:  
 From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,  
 Use to mankind, and to their God applause.  
 Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,  
 When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides;  
 And either India speeds her precious stores,  
 'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.

Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,  
His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,  
Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate;  
To teach the secret well-adapted force,  
That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course;  
Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,  
To balance manners, and conduct the heart.  
Order *without* us, what imports it seen,  
If all is restless anarchy within?  
Fir'd by this thought great Ashley, gen'rous sage,  
Plan'd in sweet leisure his <sup>a</sup> instructive page.  
Not orbs he weighs, but marks, with happier skill,  
The scope of actions and the poise of will:  
In fair proportion here describ'd we trace  
Each mental beauty, and each moral grace;  
Each useful passion taught, its tone design'd  
In the nice concord of a well-tun'd mind.  
Does mean self-love contract each social aim?  
Here public transports shall thy soul inflame,  
Virtue and Deity supremely fair,  
Too oft delineated with looks severe,  
Resume their native smiles and graces here:

<sup>a</sup> See the *Characteristics*, particularly the enquiry concerning  
Virtue and the Moralists.

Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,  
And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring;  
These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,  
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.

For one who knows to taste this godlike bliss,  
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss?

Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,  
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,

(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)

Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone.

The gods, to curse poor Demea, heard his vow,  
And business now no more contracts his brow:

Nor real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,

But thousand fancied ills his peace molest:

The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,

And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to move.

Useless in business, yet unfit for ease,

Nor skill'd to mend mankind, nor form'd to please,

Such spurious animals of worthless race

Live but the public burthen and disgrace:

Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,

Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.



The mind not taught to think, no useful store  
 To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour.  
 Turn'd on its self its num'rous wants are seen,  
 And all the mighty void that lies within.  
 Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete;  
 'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat.  
 Who feels not that, the private path must shun,  
 And fly to public view t' escape his own;  
 In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,  
 And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.  
 'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,  
 Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home:  
 A serious moment breaks the false repose,  
 And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who would know retirement's joy refin'd,  
 The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind:  
 No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,  
 No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,  
 With him must enter the sequester'd cell,  
 Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell;  
 But equal passions let his bosom rule,  
 A judgment candid, and a temper cool,  
 Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,  
 Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Such

Such he must be who greatly lives alone ;  
 Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown.  
 For public life with every talent born,  
 Portio far off retires with decent scorn ;  
 Though without business, never unemploy'd,  
 And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd :  
 For who like him can various science taste,  
 His mind shall never want an endless feast,  
 In his blest ev'ning walk may'st thou, may I,  
 Oft friendly join in sweet society ;  
 Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,  
 Nor swell'd with tempest, nor too calmly flow,  
 Whilst he, like some great sage of Rome or Greece,  
 Shall calm each rising doubt, and speak us peace,  
 Correct each thought, each wayward wish controul,  
 And stamp with every virtue all the soul.

Ah ! how unlike is Umbrio's gloomy scene,  
 Estrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men !  
 There superstition works her baneful pow'r,  
 And darkens all the melancholy hour.  
 Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,  
 With all that whim or ign'rance can suggest.  
 In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets ;  
 The visionary faint no joy admits,

But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,  
And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer,  
And all who deviate, vainly think must err :  
Clodio in books and abstract notions lost,  
Sees none but knaves and fools in honor's post ;  
Whilst Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,  
And boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale,  
(Forward her dang'rous ocean to explore,)  
Condemns as cowards those who make the shore.  
Not so my friend impartial,—man he views  
Useful in what he shuns as what pursues ;  
Sees different turns to gen'ral good conspire,  
The hero's passion and the poet's fire ;  
Each figure plac'd in nature's wise design,  
With true proportion and exactest line :  
Sees lights and shades unite in due degree,  
And form the whole with fairest symmetry.



GRONGAR HILL.

By Mr. DYER.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!  
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
Painting fair the form of things,  
While the yellow linnet sings;  
Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale;  
Come with all thy various hues,  
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;  
Now while Phœbus riding high  
Gives lustre to the land and sky!  
Grongar Hill invites my song,  
Draw the landskip bright and strong;  
Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;

Q 4

Grongar,

Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sate upon a flow'ry bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head;  
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead, and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd fides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
 And vistas shooting beams of day:  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale;  
 As circles on a smooth canal;  
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!  
 Sooner or later, all of height,  
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
 And lessen as the others rise;  
 Still the prospect wider spreads,  
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,  
 Still it widens, widens still,  
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now,

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,  
 What a landskip lies below !  
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
 But the gay, the open scene  
 Does the face of nature show,  
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
 And, swelling to embrace the light,  
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies !  
 Rushing from the woods, the spires  
 Seem from hence ascending fires !  
 Half his beams Apollo sheds  
 On the yellow mountain-heads !  
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks :  
 And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes :  
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
 The slender fir, that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.  
 And beyond the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !

Gaudy



Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,  
 That cast an awful look below;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps,  
 So both a safety from the wind  
 On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;  
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;  
 And there the fox securely feeds;  
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds;  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,  
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,  
 Big with the vanity of state;  
 But transient is the smile of fate!

A little

A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep!  
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landskip tire the view!  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody vallies, warm and low,  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky!  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r;  
 The town and village, dome and farm,  
 Each give each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide ;  
 How close and small the hedges lie !  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
 A step methinks may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem ;  
 So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see !  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul :  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air ;  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;

While



While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;  
 While the waters murmur deep;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,  
 And with music fill the sky,  
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;  
 Search for Peace with all your skill:  
 Open wide the lofty door,  
 Seek her on the marble floor,  
 In vain you search, she is not there;  
 In vain ye search the domes of care!  
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd  
 Ever by each other's side:  
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,  
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE

THE  
RUINS of ROME.  
A  
POEM.

By the Same.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,  
Obrutaqueorrenti vasta theatra situ:  
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ  
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?*

Janus Vitalis

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales  
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,  
I sung inglorious.' Now the love of arts,  
And what in metal or in stone remains  
Of proud antiquity, through various realms  
And various languages and ages fam'd,  
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,  
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond

The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,  
 Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,  
 To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,  
 Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave  
 Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,  
 Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;  
 Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome!

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap, her heroes all  
 Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,  
 The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;  
 Ev'n yet majestic; the solemn scene  
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun  
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
 Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,  
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;  
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,  
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisc,  
 Immense along the waste; minuter art,  
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,  
 O'erwhelming; as th' immense LEVIATHAN  
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore  
 Out-stretch'd, unwieldly, his island length appears  
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,

Grey-



Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercaft  
 The folitary landkip, hills and woods,  
 And boundlefs wilds ; while the vine-mantled brows  
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they  
 Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes  
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft  
 At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears  
 Aghaft the voice of time, difparting tow'rs,  
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dafh'd,  
 Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon :  
 While murmurs footh each awful interval  
 Of ever-falling waters ; fhrouded Nile\*,  
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,  
 And palmy Euphrates ; they with dropping locks,  
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among  
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their freams.

Yet here advent'rous in the facred fearch  
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,  
 Curious and modeft, from all climes refort,  
 Grateful fociety ! with thefe I raife  
 The toilfome ftep up the proud Palatin,  
 Through fpiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,  
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,

\* Fountains at Rome adorned with the ftatues of thofe rivers.

On num'rous arches rear'd : and frequent stopp'd,  
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chafn,  
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound  
 Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.  
 Nor these the nether works ; all these beneath,  
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,  
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,  
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead  
 Lake of Avernus ; such the sewers huge,  
 Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms  
 Each wave impure ; and proud with added rains,  
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,  
 And thunder ; how they heave their rocks in vain !  
 Though now incessant Time has roll'd around  
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,  
 And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods  
 Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,  
 In vain ; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,  
 That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,  
 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,  
 Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein  
 Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,  
 And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,

Vol. I.

R

And

And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,  
 Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,  
 Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,  
 And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay  
 Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades,  
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs;  
 A solemn wilderness! With error sweet,  
 I wind the ling'ring step, where-e'er the path  
 Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot  
 O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,  
 Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,  
 Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous gods,  
 Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand  
 Hewn into form, and worship'd; as ev'n now  
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths<sup>b</sup>  
 In varied appellations: men to these  
 (From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)  
 At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the memory  
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand  
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise,  
 And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,

<sup>b</sup> Several statues of the pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.



Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form  
 Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule  
 And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,  
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought  
 Above all height: and his own Brutus see,  
 Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,  
 In evil days, of faith, of public weal  
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard  
 Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,  
 His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak  
 Before the silent masters of the world,  
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold  
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war  
 The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands  
 In fearful expectation of the strife,  
 And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes  
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;  
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace —  
 Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,  
 Their country calls to arms; now all in vain  
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair  
 Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.  
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;  
 Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd

The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi spoke :  
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these  
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame  
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,  
 And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust  
 Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay  
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,  
 The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow  
 We gain enraptur'd ; beautifully distinct \*  
 The num'rous portico's and domes upswell,  
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,  
 And pine, and fir, and oak : so fair a scene  
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb  
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds  
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain :  
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,  
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.  
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,  
 Lucid Ilyffus, weeps her silent schools,  
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.  
 Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,  
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,

\* From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb  
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light ;  
 While from the central floor the seats ascend  
 Round above round, flow-wid'ning to the verge,  
 A circuit vast and high ; nor less had held  
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,  
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,  
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd  
 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd  
 The fiery, maddened, tyrants of the wilds,  
 Lions and tygers, wolves and elephants,  
 And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent !  
 By frequent converse with familiar death,  
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war ;  
 To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,  
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress  
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye ;  
 Behold yon steepy cliff ; the modern pile  
 Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd<sup>d</sup>  
 In ancient days, the page alone declares,  
 Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.  
 The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,  
 O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,

<sup>d</sup> The Capitol.



Appear'd, as when above the morning hills  
 Half the round sun ascends; and tow'r'd aloft,  
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumeros  
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights  
 Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd  
 Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,  
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,  
 Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd  
 Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world  
 Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace,  
 Before its ample orb, projected stands  
 The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work  
 Of human skill: here, curious architect,  
 If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass  
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,  
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,  
 And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark  
 How far in hidden art, the noble plain  
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence  
 Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note  
 How range the taper columns, and what weight  
 Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first  
 Boasted their order which Callimachus

(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks  
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)  
 Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd  
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.  
 See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,  
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;  
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.  
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state\*  
 In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks  
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire  
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;  
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,  
 That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,  
 Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke  
 The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch abash'd,  
 Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,  
 Parent of happiness, celestial born;  
 When the first man became a living soul,  
 His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;  
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;  
 Thence blest mankind; while yet among her sons,  
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,

\* The temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names  
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake:  
 May others more delight in tuneful airs ;  
 In masque and dance excell ; to sculptur'd stone  
 Give with superior skill the living look ;  
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft  
 With warmer touch the visionary board :  
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;  
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway ;  
 To quell the proud ; to spread the joys of peace  
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.  
 Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,  
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,  
 Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth,  
 Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,  
 Array'd in every charm : whose hand benign  
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,  
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name  
 Of Property : O nobly hail'd of old  
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,  
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,  
 And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,  
 Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,

Rejoic'd



Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroic note  
 (Smit with sublime delight) Aufonia caught,  
 And plan'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign  
 Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength ;  
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream  
 Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes  
 Devoted to the voice of humble pray'r ;  
 And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast <sup>f</sup>,  
 In days of dearth, where tender Charity  
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.  
 Thine too those musically-falling founts  
 To slake the clammy lip ; adown they fall,  
 Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills  
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts  
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er  
 The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,  
 Proud and more proud, in their august approach :  
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,  
 Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,  
 And here united pour their silver streams  
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,  
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works :

<sup>f</sup> The public granaries.

And

And what beside felicity could tell  
 Of human benefit : more late the rest ;  
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,  
 When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome \*  
 Couches beneath the ruins : there of old  
 With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars :  
 There to their daily sports the noble youth  
 Rush'd emulous ; to fling the pointed lance ;  
 To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel  
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;  
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,  
 Strong, grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet ;  
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they form'd  
 Their ardent virtues : lo the bossy piles,  
 The proud triumphal arches ; all their wars,  
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.  
 And see from every gate those ancient roads,  
 With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame ;  
 Deserve they not regard ? O'er whose broad flints  
 Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war ;  
 Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings ;  
 So many pomps ; so many wond'ring realms :

\* Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,  
 In even state, to distant seas around,  
 They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,  
 Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r<sup>a</sup>  
 Was honest, the delight of human kind.  
 Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap  
 Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs  
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,  
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose  
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech  
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,  
 Charming the mimic painter: on the walls  
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,  
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd  
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view  
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd  
 Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,  
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,  
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides<sup>i</sup>  
 The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,  
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,  
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,

<sup>a</sup> Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

<sup>i</sup> The tomb of Cestius, partly within, and partly without the walls.

Like



Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name  
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found  
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame :  
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide  
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls <sup>k</sup>,  
 Appear but tufts ; as may whate'er is high  
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,  
 Rent of their graces ; as Britannia's oaks  
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,  
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,  
 After the tempest ; Mausoleums, Cirques,  
 Naumachio's, Forums ; Trajan's column tall,  
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,  
 And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,  
 Its hero to the skies : and his dark tow'r <sup>l</sup>  
 Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,  
 And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,  
 Play'd to the flames ; and Phœbus' letter'd dome <sup>m</sup> ;  
 And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,  
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep  
 Sits piping with his oaten reed ; as erst

<sup>k</sup> The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

<sup>l</sup> Nero's.

<sup>m</sup> The Palatin library.

There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,  
 When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd  
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,  
 Amid the thickets : so revolves the scene ;  
 So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride  
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap  
 Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,  
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell ;  
 And at its base, from whence the serpent glides  
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk  
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,  
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,  
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,  
 Blended in dust together ; where the slave  
 Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud  
 Resigns his pow'r ; the miser drops his hoard ;  
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,  
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)  
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,  
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies ;  
 When tribulation cloaths the child of man,  
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,  
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,  
 A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.

How

How musical ! when all-devouring Time,  
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,  
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,  
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !  
 Cool ev'ning comes ; the setting sun displays  
 His visible great round between yon tow'rs,  
 As through two shady cliffs ; away, my Muse,  
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new  
 In vast variety, and yet delight  
 The many-figur'd sculptures of the path  
 Half beauteous, half effac'd ; the traveller  
 Such antique marbles to his native land  
 Oft hence conveys ; and every realm and state  
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,  
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;  
 Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,  
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach  
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests  
 Of Maro's humble tenement ; a low  
 Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,  
 Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown  
 Weave the light roof ; the gourd and olive fan  
 Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,

Who



Who drops her purple clusters through the green.  
 Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :  
 Here flow'd his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;  
 Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,  
 Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd  
 With Horace and the ruler of the world ;  
 Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir'd  
 Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,  
 Attentive to the wife, the great of soul,  
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,  
 Auspicious to the Muses ! then rever'd,  
 Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,  
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene  
 The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme  
 Melodious ; ev'n the rugged sons of war,  
 Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name :  
 But now — another age, alas ! is ours —  
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,  
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,  
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,  
 And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain  
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks  
 Th' o'erflowing wave — Enough — the plaint disdain. —  
See'st

See'st thou yon fane ? ev'n now incessant Time<sup>n</sup>  
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;  
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods  
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.  
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,  
 Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld  
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,  
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp  
 Sportive ; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf  
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your tender limbs  
 So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed  
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,  
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,  
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,  
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,  
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,  
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,  
 Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there  
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.  
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views  
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,  
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,

<sup>n</sup> The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

And gath'ring swains ; and rolls his yellow car  
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around  
Jealous, yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,  
They sink into her bosom. From the plough  
Rose her dictators ; fought, o'ercame, return'd,  
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers ;  
For then no private pomp, no household state,  
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.  
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung ?  
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand ?  
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol ? the choice  
Of steady Regulus ? As yet they stood,  
Simple of life ; as yet seducing wealth  
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty  
Yet unimagin'd.—Shine not all the fields  
With various fruitage ? murmur not the brooks  
Along the flow'ry vallies ? They, content,  
Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,  
Bliche, in their easy taste ; and only sought  
To know their duties ; that their only strife,  
Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.  
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,



Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death  
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,  
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,  
 Their dauntless courage ; storming Hannibal  
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,  
 The thunder of the battle they return'd  
 Back on his Punic shores ; 'till Carthage fell,  
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd  
 With precious spoils : alas prosperity !  
 Ah baneful state ! yet ebb'd not all their strength  
 In soft luxurious pleasures ; proud desire  
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,  
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,  
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm  
 Half rais'd her rusty shield ; nor could avail  
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart ;  
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,  
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing  
 Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels  
 Over the bloody war : the Roman arms  
 Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.  
 And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd  
 In proud security : the crested helm,

The plated greave and corset hung unbrac'd ;  
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,  
 But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissoiv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,  
 Till every sun annoys, and every wind  
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends :  
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength  
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart  
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,  
 Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice  
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore  
 To painful feeling : flow'ry bow'rs they seek  
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)  
 Or cool Nymphæan grotts ; or tepid baths  
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along  
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,  
 Flie in the roseat air with fond expence :  
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,  
 And fall on silver beds crySTALLINE down,  
 Melodious murmuring ; while luxury  
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,  
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.  
 Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,  
 Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud

Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.  
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,  
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around  
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,  
 Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known  
 Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,  
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,  
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd  
 To flake Patrician thirst : for these, their rights  
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ;  
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,  
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,  
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck  
 Stretch'd to the yoke ? they come ; the market throng  
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd ?  
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles ?  
 He be the monarch of the state ; and lo !  
 Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts \*  
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,  
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.  
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,  
 Gird, gird your hearts ; the Romans once were free  
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er

\* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.]



Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,  
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,  
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound  
 Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade  
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,  
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,  
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar mean while  
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat  
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal  
 Scarves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings  
 To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!  
 The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell  
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!  
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,  
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all  
 Their domes, their villa's; down the festive piles,  
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,  
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,  
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,  
 And ease and luxury! O luxury,  
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,  
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?

How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !  
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave  
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great !  
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes  
 Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies  
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;  
 And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;  
 And the great queen of earth, imperial ROME,



THE  
SCHOOL-MISTRESS.  
A P O E M,

In Imitation of SPENSER.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

*Audite voces, vagtus & ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in Limine primo.* VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*What particulars in Spenser were imagin'd most proper  
for the Author's imitation on this occasion, are his  
language, his simplicity, his manner of description,  
and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable  
throughout his works.*

I.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies;  
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;



Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise !  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try  
 To found the praise of merit, ere it dies ;  
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

## II.

In every village mark'd with little spire,  
 Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
 A matron old whom we school-mistress name ;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.  
 They griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame ;  
 And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are forely shent.

## III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe ;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;  
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

## IV. So

## IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive,)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd :  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast :  
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !  
 Ne Superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

## V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display ;  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray :  
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

## VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield :  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the Hare-bell that adorns the field :

And

And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious Fear entwin'd,  
 With dark Distrust, and sad Repentance fill'd;  
 And stedfast Hate, and sharp Affliction join'd,  
 And Fury uncontroll'd, and Chastisement unkind.

## VII.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Eol's train;  
*Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare our earth, or sky, or main,  
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

## VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;  
 And sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound, [ground.  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on

IX. Albeit



## IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;  
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:  
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a Mind which did that title love.

## X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame;  
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:  
 And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

## XI.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,  
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew;  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak;  
 But herbs for use, and phylic, not a few,

Of

Of grey renown, within those borders grew:  
 The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Thyme,  
 Fresh Baum, and Mary-gold of cheerful hue;  
 The lowly Gill that never dares to climb;  
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

## XII.

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;  
 And pungent Radish, biting infant's tongue;  
 And Plantain ribb'd that heals the reaper's wound;  
 And Marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;  
 And Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

## XIII.

And here trim Rosmarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;  
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here;  
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
 Oh wassel days; O customs meet and well!  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:  
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would She more with thane and lordling dwell.

XIV. Here

## XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat :  
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
 All, for the Nonce, untuning every string,  
 Uphung their useles lyres — small heart had they to sing.

## XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;  
 And, in those Elfin ears, would oft deplore  
 The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed ;  
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;  
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That would on wooden image place her creed ;  
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn :  
 Ah ! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days shoulde'er return.

## XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,

The



The matron fate ; and some with rank she grac'd,  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

## XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;  
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays ;  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

## XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command !  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :  
 The work so gay, that on their backs is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare ;  
 On which think wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

## XIX. Ah

## XIX.

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !  
 As erst the \* bard by Mulla's silver stream,  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest Ermilin.

## XX.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure,  
 His little sister doth his peril see :  
 All playful as she sate, she grows demure ;  
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;  
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free :  
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

## XXI.

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
 And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

\* Spenser.

On

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

## XXII.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?  
 When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,  
 Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
 Or when from high she levels well her aim, [claim  
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke pro-

## XXIII.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :  
 By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 'Till Fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair ;  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread y-rare ; now, certes, doubly sweet !

## XXIV. See



## XXIV.

See to their feats they hie with merry glee,  
 And in befeemly order sitten there ;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair ;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair ;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ;  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be carefs'd.

## XXV.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

## XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;  
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth ought,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns ;

Vol. I.

T

And

And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines ;  
 And many a fullen look asfance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

## XXVII.

Ah me ! how much I fear left pride it be !  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :  
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;  
 The firm fixt breast which Fit and Right requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

## XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazling fruits appear !  
 Ev'n now sagacious Foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellour in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall dye !  
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
 Wissheth, poor starvling elf ! his paper-kite may fly.

## XXIX.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid fates incline,  
 And many an Epic to his rage shall yield ;  
 And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;  
 And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd  
 Surveys mine work ; and levels many a sneer,  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries " What stuff is  
 [here ?" ]

## XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,  
 And Liberty unbars their prison-door ;  
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

## XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade ;  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs  
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;  
 For never may ye taste more careless hours



In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
 But most in courts where proud Ambition tow'rs ;  
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

## XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
 Some building fragile tenements of clay ;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

## XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Gallings full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
 And here of lovely dye, the Cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :  
 O may no wight e'er penny-less come there,  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

XXXIV. See !

## XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;  
 And must be bought though penury betide.  
 The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,  
 And here, each season, do those cakes abide,  
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known <sup>b</sup>.

## XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave ;  
 Ah ! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,  
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray ;  
 'Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

<sup>b</sup> Shrewsbury cakes.

THE  
ART of POLITICS,  
In Imitation of  
HORACE's ART of POETRY.

By the Reverend Mr. BRAMSTON.

IF to an human face Sir James should draw  
A horse's mane, and feathers of maecaw,  
A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,  
Who could help laughing at a sight so odd?  
Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before ye,  
When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.  
Not more extravagant are drunkards dreams,  
Than Low-church politics with High-church schemes.

• Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris; ut turpiter atrum  
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne:  
Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentur species.—Pictoribus atque Poetis

Painters,



Painters, you'll say, may their own fancies use,  
 And free-born Britons may their party chuse :  
 That's true, I own : but can one piece be drawn  
 For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn ?

<sup>b</sup> Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,  
 With motly sentiments their speeches blend ;  
 Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.  
 Some love to roar, the constitution's broke,  
 And others on the nation's debts to joke ;  
 Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth so much,)  
 Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch ;  
 While others, with more fashionable fury,  
 Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury.  
 Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,  
 Declaim'd against importing Irish cattle :

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas ;  
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim ;  
 Sed non ut placidis cœant immitia, non ut  
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.  
<sup>b</sup> Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis  
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter  
 Assuitur pannus ; cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,  
 Aut properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,  
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.  
 Sed nunc non erat his locus : & fortasse cupressum  
 Scis simulare : quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes  
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora cœpit  
 Institui ; currente rota cur urceus exit ?  
 Denique sit quidvis, simplex duntaxat & unum.

But you, from whate'er side you take your name,  
Like Anna's motto, always be the same.

<sup>c</sup> Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,  
Parties from quaint denominations flow,  
As Scotch and Irish antiquaries show.  
The low are said to take Fanatics parts,  
The high are bloody Papists in their hearts.  
Caution and fear to highest faults have run ;  
In pleasing both the parties, you please none.  
Who in the house affects declaiming airs,  
Whales in Change-alley paints : in Fish-street, bears.  
Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,  
These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,  
And make me think it Repetition day ;  
There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring post,  
And are but quorum orators at most.

<sup>c</sup> Decipimur specie recti ; brevis esse laboro,  
Obscurus fio ; sectantem levia nervi  
Deficiunt animique ; professus grandia, turget.  
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,  
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.  
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.  
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & unguis  
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos ;  
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum  
Nesciet ; hunc ego me, si quid componere curen,  
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,  
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

Sooner

Sooner than thus my want of sense expose,  
 I'll deck out bandy-legs with gold-clock'd hose,  
 Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.

Nay, I would sooner have thy phys, I swear,  
 Surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre \*.

\* Ye weekly writers of seditious news,  
 Take care your subjects artfully to chuse,  
 Write panegyric strong, or boldly rail,  
 You cannot miss preferment, or a goal.  
 Wrap up your poison well, nor fear to say  
 What was a lye last night is truth to-day.  
 Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,  
 Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.  
 To lie fit opportunity observe,  
 Saving some double meaning in reserve ;

\* All Mr. Heydegger's letters come directed to him from abroad,  
*A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger, surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre.*

<sup>d</sup> Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
 Viribus ; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
 Quid valeant humeri : cui lecta potenter erit res,  
 Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.  
 Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor,  
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,  
 Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.  
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
 Reddiderit junctura novum ; si forte necesse est  
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,  
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis  
 Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.  
 Et nova sistaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
 Græco fonte cadant.

But



But oh ! you'll merit everlasting fame,  
 If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.  
 In state affairs use not the vulgar phrase,  
 Talk words scarce known in good queen Bess's days,  
 New terms let war or traffic introduce,  
 And try to bring persuading-ships in use.  
 Coin words : in coining ne'er mind common sense,  
 Provided the original be French.

• Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall :  
 King Edward's words are now no words at all.  
 Did aught our predecessors genius cramp ?  
 Sure every reign may have its proper stamp.  
 All sublunary things of death partake ;  
 What alteration does a cent'ry make !  
 Kings and comedians are all mortal found,  
 Cæsar and Pinkethman are underground.

• ————— *Licuit, semperque licebit*  
*Signatum præsentē nota producere nomen.*  
*Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos ;*  
*Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas.*  
*Debemur morti nos nostraque ; sive receptus*  
*Terræ Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,*  
*Regis opus ; sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis*  
*Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum ;*  
*Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis*  
*Doctus iter melius ; mortalia facta peribunt,*  
*Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax :*  
*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque*  
*Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,*  
*Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.*

What's

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?  
 Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the Strand?  
 Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where  
 Now stands New Bond-street, and a newer square;  
 Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,  
 London itself seems going out of town.  
 Our fathers cross'd from Fulham in a wherry,  
 Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.  
 Think we that modern words eternal are?  
 Toupet and Tompion, Cofins, and Colmar  
 Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain man,  
 A wig, a watch, a pair of stays, a fan.  
 To things themselves if Time such change affords,  
 Can there be any trusting to our words?

' To screen good ministers from public rage,  
 And how with party madness to engage,  
 We learn from Addison's immortal page.  
 The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion  
 Is seen from Tickell's letter to Avignon.

' Res gesta regumque ducumque, & tristia bella  
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.  
 Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,  
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.

But

But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftsman out,  
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.

\* Not long since parish clerks, with saucy airs,  
Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.

Some certain tunes to politics belong,  
On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

<sup>n</sup> If full across the Speaker's chair I go,  
Can I be said the rules o' th' House to know?  
I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,  
Nor through mere sheepishness be impudent.

<sup>i</sup> In acts of Parliament avoid sublimè,  
Nor e'er address his Majesty in rhyme;  
An Act of Parliament's a serious thing,  
Begins with year of Lord and year of King;  
Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,  
When it would pains and penalties inflict.

\* Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum,  
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,  
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

<sup>n</sup> Descriptas servare vices operumque colores  
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?  
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

<sup>i</sup> Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:  
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope focco  
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ:  
Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,  
Iratufque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore.  
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exsul uterque  
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

Soft



Soft words suit best petitioners' intent ;

Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent !

\* Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,  
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.  
Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,  
And Roman thoughts by Attic stile inspire ;  
He knows from tedious wranglings to beguile  
The serious house into a cheerful smile ;  
When the great patriot paints his anxious fears  
For England's safety, I am lost in tears.  
But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,  
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation :  
Unless young members to the purpose keep,  
I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

<sup>1</sup> Can men their inward faculties controul ?  
Is not the tongue an index to the soul ?

\* Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.  
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt  
Humani vultus : si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent.  
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loquæris,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

<sup>1</sup> Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
Fortunarum habitum, &c.  
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.

— tristia mœstum  
Vultum verba decent, &c.  
Si dicentis erunt fortunæ abscondita dicta,  
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

Laugh

Laugh not in time of service to your God,  
 Nor bully, when in custody o' th' rod;  
 Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,  
 When brought to sue for pardon at the bar:  
 If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,  
 Knights, citizens, and burgesſes will ſneer.

<sup>m</sup> For land, or trade, not the ſame notions fire  
 The city-merchant, and the country-'ſquire;  
 Their climes are diſtant, though one cauſe unites  
 The lairds of Scotland, and the Corniſh knights.

<sup>n</sup> To likelihood your characters confine;  
 Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul reſign.  
 In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)  
 Give the two univerſities a friend;  
 Give Maidſtone wit, and elegance refin'd;  
 To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind;  
 To Cart'ret learning, eloquence, and parts;  
 To George the ſecond, give all Engliſh hearts.

- <sup>m</sup> *Intererit multum Davuſne loquatur, an Heros:  
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;  
 Colchus, an Aſſyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*  
<sup>n</sup> *Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge.  
 Scriptor honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem,  
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;  
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.*

Sometimes

° Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,  
And factions yet unheard of introduce;  
And if you dare attempt a thing so new,  
Make to itself the flying squadron true.

° To speak is free, no member is debarr'd,  
But funds and national accounts are hard :  
Safer on common topics to discourse,  
The malt-tax, and a military force.  
On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,  
Besides a thousand things that are in print.  
But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought,  
For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught.  
When factious leaders boast increasing strength,  
Go not too far, nor follow every length :  
Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,  
And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

- ° Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audeas  
Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.  
° Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque  
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.  
Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem ;  
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
Interpres ; nec desilies imitator in arctum,  
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

With



' With art and modesty your part maintain ;  
 And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.  
 The trading knight with rants his speech begins,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, faints, and kings ;  
 But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
 When the exclusion-bill was in suspense,  
 I hear a lion in the lobby roar ;  
 Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
 And keep him there, or shall we let him in  
 To try if we can turn him out again ?

' Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,  
 And call their private cry, the public voice.  
 ' From folio's of accounts they take their handles,  
 And the whole ballance proves a pound of candles ;  
 As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,  
 After hard labour, of a small pin's head.

' Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,  
 And some from Julius Cæsar's days begin.

- ' Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,  
 " Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum."  
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte,  
 " Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
 " Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.  
 ' Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
 Cogitat —————  
 ' Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?  
 Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.  
 ' Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,  
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo ;

A cunning

A cunning speaker can command his chops,  
 And when the house is not in humour, stops;  
 In falsehood probability employs,  
 Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

“ If when you speak, you’d hear a needle fall,  
 And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,  
 In matters suited to your taste engage,  
 Rememb’ring still your quality and age,  
 Thy task be this, young knight, and hear my song,  
 What politics to every age belong.

“ When babes can speak, babes should be taught to say  
 King George the second’s health, huzza, huzza !  
 Boys should learn Latin for Prince William’s sake,  
 And girls Louisa their example make.

“ More loves the youth, just come to his estate,  
 To range the fields, than in the house debate ;

\_\_\_\_\_ & quæ  
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;  
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

- “ Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi;  
 Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque  
 Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:  
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores  
 Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.  
 “ Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo  
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram  
 Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.  
 “ Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
 Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi;

More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,  
 Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge:  
 If in one chase he can two horses kill,  
 He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill:  
 Loud in his wine, in women not o'er nice,  
 He damns his uncles if they give advice;  
 Votes as his father did when there's a call,  
 But had much rather never vote at all.

\* We take a different turn at twenty-six,  
 And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix;  
 With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,  
 With some considerable post in view.

A man of forty fears to change his note,  
 One way to speak, and t' other way to vote;  
 Careful his tongue in passion to command,  
 Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

\* In bags the old man lets his treasure rust,  
 Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust;

*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
 Utilem tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
 Sublimis cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.*

\* *Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis  
 Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori;  
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare labore.*

\* *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod  
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.  
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;  
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*



When stocks are low he wants the heart to buy,  
 And through much caution sees them rise too high;  
 Thinks nothing rightly done since seventy-eight,  
 Swears present members do not talk, but prate:  
 In Charles the second's days, says he, ye prigs,  
 Tories were Tories then, and Whigs were Whigs.  
 Alas! this is a lamentable truth,  
 We lose in age, as we advance in youth:  
 I laugh when twenty will like eighty talk,  
 And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.

<sup>b</sup> Now as to double, or to false returns,  
 When pockets suffer, and when anger burns;  
 O thing surpassing faith! knight strives with knight,  
 When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right,  
 The bailiff's self is sent for in that case,  
 And all the witnesses had face to face.  
 Selected members soon the fraud unfold,  
 In full committee of the house 'tis told;

*Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.  
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,  
 Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte seniles  
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;  
 Semper in adjunctis avoque morabimur aptis.  
 Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.  
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.  
 Quodcunque offendis mihi sit, incredulus odi.*

Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,  
The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

• Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,  
Should not too often speak, nor speak too long:  
Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,  
Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court.

• The speaker, when the commons are assembled,  
May to the Græcian chorus be resembled;  
'Tis his the young and modest to espouse,  
And see none draw, or challenge in the house:  
'Tis his old hospitality to use,  
And three good printers for the house to chuse,  
To let each representative be heard,  
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd;  
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,  
And when he spies his member, make his point.

• Neve minor, neu fit quinto productior actu  
Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi;  
Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit; nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

• Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile  
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
Quod non proposito conducatur & hæreat apte:  
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis,  
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes;  
Ille dapas laudet mensæ brevis; ille salubrem  
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis;  
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret,  
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

\* To knights new chosen in old time would come  
 The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum ;  
 Now when a burges new elect appears,  
 Come trainbands, horseguards, footguards, grenadiers ;  
 When the majority the town-clerk tells,  
 His honour pays the fiddles, waits, and bells :  
 Harangues the mob, and is as wise and great,  
 As the most mystic oracle of state.

† When the duke's grandson for the county stood,  
 His beef was fat, and his october good ;  
 His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,  
 Drank to their sons, their wives, their daughters kiss'd ;  
 But when strong beer their free-born hearts inflames,  
 They sell him bargains, and they call him names.  
 Thus it is deem'd in English nobles wise  
 To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

\* Tibia non, ut nunc Orichalcho vineta, tubæque  
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco  
 Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, &c.  
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem  
 Latior amplecti murus, &c.  
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major ;  
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,  
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps :  
 Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri  
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

† Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,  
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod  
 Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus  
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exilix.



\* Election matters shun with cautious awe,  
 O all ye judges learned in the law ;  
 A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,  
 As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

† Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,  
 Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's stile ;  
 Let not your tongue to *Ωλφιελδισμ* run,  
 And *Κίβερισμ* with abhorrence shun ;  
 Let not your looks affected words disgrace,  
 Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face ;  
 Let not your hands, like tallboys be employ'd,  
 And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.  
 Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,  
 Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

‡ Others in vain a like success will boast,  
 He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.

\* Effutire leves indigna Tragedia versus,  
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,  
 Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

† Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,  
 Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo ;  
 Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori,  
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax  
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum :  
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

‡ ———— Ut sibi quivis  
 Speret idem, fudet multum, frustra que laboret.

A peer's

\* A peer's pert heir has to the commons spoke  
 A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke :  
 Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,  
 'Tis what the bishops' bench will never bear.  
 Among the commons is such freedom shown,  
 They lash each other, and attack the throne ;  
 Yet so unskilful or so fearful some,  
 For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

<sup>1</sup> When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,  
 Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,  
 No word to royal favour made pretence,  
 But what agreed in sound, and clash'd in sense.  
 Thrice happy he ! how great that speaker's praise,  
 Whose every period look'd an hundred ways !  
 What then ? we now with just abhorrence shun  
 The trifling quibble, and the school-boy's pun ;  
 Though no great connoisseur, I make a shift  
 Just to find out a Durfey from a Swift ;

\* Ne nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,  
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta :  
 Offenduntur enim quibus est equus, & pater & res,  
 Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,  
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

<sup>1</sup> At nostri proavi Plantinos & numeros &  
 Laudavêre sales ; nimium patienter utrumque,  
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati ; si modo ego & vos  
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.

I can discern with half an eye, I hope,  
Mist from Jo Addison; from Eusden, Pope:  
I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,  
And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.

<sup>m</sup> When pert Defoe his saucy papers writ,  
He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit:  
By mob was pelted half a morning's space,  
And rotten eggs besmear'd his yellow face;  
The Censor then improv'd the list'ning isle,  
And held both parties in an artful smile.  
A scribbling crew now pinching winter brings,  
That spare no earthly nor no heav'nly things,  
Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.  
But blasphemy displeases all the town;  
And for defying scripture, law, and crown,  
Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

<sup>m</sup> Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camcenæ  
Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,  
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.  
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ  
Æschylus, & modicis intravit pulpita tignis,  
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.  
Successit vetus his Comœdia, non sine multa  
Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim  
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta, chorusque  
Turpiter obtulit sublato jure nocendi.



" It must be own'd the journals try all ways  
 To merit their respective party's praise :  
 They jar in every article from Spain ;  
 A war these threaten, those a peace maintain :  
 Though lie they will, to give them all their due,  
 In foreign matters, and domestic too.  
 Whoe'er thou art that would'st a Postman write,  
 Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.  
 Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants  
 Might soon exceed th' intelligence of France :  
 To be out-done old England should refuse,  
 As in her arms, so in her public news :  
 But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,  
 And correspondence an excessive charge.

\* There are who say, no man can be a wit  
 Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit ;  
 Let pamphleteers abusive satire write,  
 To shew a genius is to shew a spite :

" Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtæ ;  
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta :  
 Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,  
 Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet unum-  
 quemque Poëtarum limæ labor & mora.

" Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte  
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas  
 Democritus, bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
 Non barbam —————  
 Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ,

That

That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,  
Who has not been where Curll the printer stood.

<sup>p</sup> Alas poor me ! you may my Fortune guess :  
I write, and yet humanity profess :  
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,  
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)  
I love the king, the queen, and royal race :  
I like the government, but want no place :  
Too low in life to be a justice I,  
And for a constable, thank God, too high :  
Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt ;  
I politics to poetry convert.

<sup>a</sup> A politician must (as I have read)  
Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head :  
A head well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,  
And stuff'd with precedents of former reigns :

*Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam  
Tonfori Licino commiserit.*

<sup>p</sup> ————— O ego lævus,  
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam :  
Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum  
Nil tanti est : ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi ;  
Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo ;  
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poëtam :  
Quid deceat, quid non : quod virtus, quod ferat error.

<sup>a</sup> Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons :  
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,  
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.  
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,

Must

Must journals read, and magna charta quote ;  
 But acts still wiser, if he speaks by note :  
 Learn well his lesson, and ne'er fear mistakes ;  
 For ready-money ready-speakers makes.  
 He must instructions and credentials draw,  
 Pay well the army, and protect the law :  
 Give to his country what's his country's due,  
 But first help brothers, sons, and cousins too.  
 He must read Grotius upon war and peace,  
 And the twelve judges' salary increase.  
 He must oblige old friends and new allies,  
 And find out ways and means for fresh supplies.  
 He must the weavers grievances redress,  
 And merchants wants in merchants words express.  
 ' Dramatic poets that expect the bays,  
 Should cull our histories for party plays ;  
 Wickford's Ambassador should fill their head,  
 And the State-trials carefully be read :

Quo fit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,  
 Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ  
 Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profectò  
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.  
 ' Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.  
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte,  
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

For



For what is Dryden's Muse, and Otway's plots,  
To th' earl of Essex or the queen of Scots ?

'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,  
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek ;  
Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,  
If he would be a bishop or a judge.

Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,  
'Till promis'd places of men still alive :

How old is such a one in such a post ?

The answer is, he's seventy-five almost :

Th' archbishop and the master of the rolls ?

Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.

Will men that ask such questions, publish books  
Like learned Hooker's, or chief justice Coke's ?

' On tender subjects with discretion touch,  
And never say too little or too much.

- *Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, &c.  
Romani pueri longis rationibus affem  
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat  
Filius urbani, si de quincunce remota est  
Uncia, quid superest ? poteras dixisse, trienis. Eu !  
Rem poteris servare tuam.*

———redit uncia, quid fit ?

*Semis. Ad hæc animos ærugo & cura pecul  
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
Posse linenda cedro, & lævi servanda cupresso ?*

- † *Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis ; ut cito dicta  
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles ;  
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

On trivial matters flourishes are wrong,  
Motions for candles never should be long:

Or if you move in case of sudden rain,  
To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.

Unless you talk good English, downright sense,  
Can you be understood by serjeant Spence?

\* New stories always should with truth agree,  
Or truth's half sister, probability:

Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throes  
On half the honourable house impose.

\* When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,  
And swears it is so dull he cannot stay:

When rakes begin on blasphemy to border,  
Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud — to order.

The point is this, with manly sense and ease  
T' inform the judgment, and the fancy please.

Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,  
At once to serve one's country, and one's king.

\* *Ficta voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris:  
Nec, quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;  
Neu pransæ Lamix vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*

\* *Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis;  
Celfi prætereunt austerâ poemata Rhamnes.  
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.  
Hic meret æra liber Sotii, hic & mare transit,  
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.*

Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonsons gain,  
 From age to age they minuted remain,  
 As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

Is there a man on earth so perfect found,  
 Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound?  
 Not blund'ring, but persisting is the fault;  
 No mortal sin is *Lapfus Linguae* thought:  
 Clerks may mistake; considering who 'tis from,  
 I pardon little slips in *Cler. Dom. Com.*  
 But let me tell you I'll not take his part,  
 If every Thursday he date *Die Mart.*  
 Of sputt'ring mortals, 'tis the fatal curse,  
 By mending blunders still to make them worse.  
 Men sneer when——gets a lucky thought,  
 And stare if Wyndham should be nodding caught.  
 But sleeping's what the wisest men may do,  
 Should the committee chance to sit 'till two.

*Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;  
 Non semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus:  
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
 Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est?  
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius utque,  
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret: & Citharædus  
 Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eadem:  
 Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,  
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: & idem  
 Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus:  
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

Not



\* Not unlike paintings, principles appear,  
 Some best at distance, some when we are near.  
 The love of politics so vulgar's grown,  
 My landlord's party from his sign is known:  
 Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,  
 While Marlborough's face directs to beer and beer;  
 Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head some like best,  
 The Devil tavern is a standing jest.

\* Whoe'er you are that have a feat secure,  
 Duly return'd, and from petition sure,  
 Stick to your friends in whatsoe'er you say;  
 With strong aversion shun the middle-way;  
 The middle-way the best we sometimes call,  
 But 'tis in politics no way at all.  
 A Trimmer's what both parties turn to sport,  
 By country hated, and despis'd at court.  
 Who would in earnest to a party come,  
 Must give his vote not whimsical, but plumb.

- \* Ut pictura Poësis erit; quæ, si propius stes,  
 Te capiet magis: & quædam, si longius abstes.  
 Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;  
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.  
 \* O major juvenum——hoc tibi dictum  
 Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus  
 Recte concedi——  
 ——Mediocribus esse Poëtis  
 Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnas.

There

There is no medium; for the term in vogue,  
 On either side is, honest man, or rogue.  
 Can it be difficult our minds to shew,  
 Where all the difference is, yes, or no?

° In all professions, time and pains give skill;  
 Without hard study dare physicians kill?  
 Can he that ne'er read statutes or reports,  
 Give chamber counsel, or urge law in courts?  
 But every whipster knows affairs of state,  
 Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.  
 A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year——  
 Who minds his head, if his estate be clear?  
 Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the house,  
 He matters not the government a louse.  
 Lack-learning knights, these things are safely said  
 To friends in private, at the Bedford-head;  
 But in the house, before your tongue runs on,  
 Consult fir James, lord William's dead and gone.

*Sic animis natum inventumque Poëma juvandis,  
 Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.*

° *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:  
 Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit,  
 Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ;  
 Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere.——*

*——— Quid ni?*

*Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
 Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.*

Words to recall is in no member's power,  
One single word may send you to the Tower.

• The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,  
Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,  
The members to the Mitchelgemot went,  
In after-ages call'd the Parliament;  
Early the Mitchelgemot did begin  
T' inroll their statutes on a parchment skin:  
For impious treason hence no room was left,  
For murder, for polygamy, or theft:  
Since when the senate's power both sexes know  
From hops and claret, soap and callico.  
Now wholesome laws young senators bring in  
'Gainst goals, attorneys, bribery, and gin.  
Since such the nature of the British state,  
The power of parliament so old and great,

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit  
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.  
• Sylvestres homines sacer interpretisque Deorum  
Cædibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus.  
—— Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:  
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;  
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.  
—— Dictæ per carmina sortes,  
Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum  
Pierius tentata modis: ludusque repertus  
Et longorum operum finis:  
—— ne forte pudori  
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.



Ye 'squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care  
To be return'd for city, town, or shire,  
By sberiff, bailiff, constable, or mayor,

Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,  
A man of substance, or a man of sense :  
But never any member feats will do,  
Without a head-piece and a pocket too ;  
Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,  
And money gives authority to speech.

A man of bus'ness won't 'till evening dine,  
Abstains from women, company, and wine :  
From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,  
Though cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight :  
Nor sultry sun, nor storms of soaking rain,  
The man of bus'ness from the house detain :  
Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,  
I am a member, and I spoke to-day.

<sup>d</sup> Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
Quæsitum est ; ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium : alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.

<sup>e</sup> Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit & alsit,  
Abstenuit venere & vino. —————  
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango :  
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,  
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

I speak

I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,  
Because some speak that have less sense than I.

\* The man that has both land and money too,  
May wonders in a trading borough do :

They'll praise his ven'son, and commend his port,  
Turn their two former members into sport,  
And, if he likes it, satirize the court.

But at a feast 'tis difficult to know  
From real friends an undiscover'd foe ;

The man that swears he will the poll secure,  
And pawns his soul that your election's sure,  
Suspect that man : beware, all is not right,  
He's ten to one a corporation-bite.

\* Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,  
Would say, I cannot help you, or I can :

<sup>f</sup> Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta,  
Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.  
Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,  
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris  
Litibus implicitum, mirabor, si sciet inter-  
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.  
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,  
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
Lætitiæ : clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, recte !  
\_\_\_\_\_ si carmina condes,

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

<sup>g</sup> Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,  
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc : melius te posse negares,  
Bis terque expertum frustra, delere jubebat.  
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles,

To spend your money, fir, is all a jest ;  
 Matters are settled, set your heart at rest :  
 We've made a compromise, and, fir, you know,  
 That sends one member high, and t' other low.  
 But if his good advice you would not take,  
 He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forsake,  
 Leave you of mighty interest to brag,  
 And poll two voices like fir Robert Fag.

<sup>h</sup> Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,  
 That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.  
 Two good estates fir Harry Clodpole spent ;  
 Sat thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament ;  
 Two good estates are gone—Who'll take his word ?  
 Oh ! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third ;  
 He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,  
 Within a mile of some good borough-town ;  
 Tag, rag, and bobtail to fir Harry's run,  
 Men that have votes, and women that have none ;

Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam infumebat inanem,  
 Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.  
<sup>h</sup> Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,  
 ————dicam, Siculique Poëtæ  
 Narrabo interitum———  
 Nec semel hoc fecit, nec si retractus erit, jam  
 Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.  
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.  
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

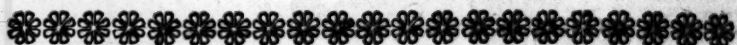
Sons,



Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his honour dine ;  
He keeps a public-house without a sign.

Coblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,  
And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.  
Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,  
They never leave him while he's worth a groat :  
So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,  
'Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.





T H E  
M A N of T A S T E.

Occasion'd by an

E P I S T L E

Of Mr. POPE's on that Subject.

By the Same.

**W**Hoe'er he be that to a Taste aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires.  
In men and manners vers'd from life I write,  
Not what was once, but what is now polite.  
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,  
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.  
But honest men who never were abroad,  
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.

Strife still subsists, which yields the better goüt ;  
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,  
That's always best that's nearest to my own.  
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,  
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.  
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,  
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.  
His tragic Muse could countesses affright,  
His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.  
No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,  
Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.  
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,  
So I was tragi-comically got.  
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,  
I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.  
No youth did I in education waste,  
Happy in an hereditary Taste.  
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,  
Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.  
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,  
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.  
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,  
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :



Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,  
 I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.  
 To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,  
 I trust to mother wit and father sense.  
 Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,  
 Pains I abhor, I was a poet born,  
     Yet is my goût for criticism such,  
 I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.  
 Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,  
 Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.  
 Critics indeed are valuable men,  
 But hyper-critics are as good agen.  
 Though Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,  
 With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.  
 The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,  
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.  
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,  
 For he displeases me that pleases all.  
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,  
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.  
 To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,  
 Milton's an universal blank to me.  
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,  
 Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.

Always

Always upheld by national support,  
 Of market, university, and court :  
 Thomson, write blank ; but know that for that reason,  
 These lines shall live when thine are out of season.  
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,  
 As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,  
 He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote :  
 But for his epilogues and other plays,  
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.  
 It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,  
 While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose :  
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd fate,  
 While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl ! he ne'er to publish fears  
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.  
 How oft has he a public spirit shewn,  
 And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own !  
 But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,  
 Are not his brother book-sellers the same ?  
 Can statutes keep the British press in awe,  
 While that sells best, that's most against the law ?

Lives of dead players my leisure hours beguile,  
 And Sessions-papers tragedize my stile,

'Tis

'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,  
 So oft a mother, and not once a wife :  
 She could with just propriety behave,  
 Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave :  
 Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,  
 By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.

T' improve in morals Mandévil I read,  
 And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.  
 I travell'd early, and I soon saw through  
 Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.  
 Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,  
 When ropes or opium can my ease procure ?  
 When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,  
 Self-murder is an honourable way.  
 As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,  
 And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.  
 Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,  
 And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,  
 I have a Taste for buildings, music, men.  
 Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,  
 With superficial smattering at most.  
 Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,  
 Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.

I know



I know the town, all houses I have seen,  
 From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.  
 Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,  
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!  
 Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?  
 I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.  
 Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul!  
 The choir's too big, the cupola too small:  
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,  
 'Tis Vanbrug's structures that my fancy strike:  
 Such noble ruins every pile would make,  
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect sake.  
 To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,  
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.  
 Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,  
 St. James's hospital may serve for kings.  
 Buildings so happily I understand,  
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.  
 Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,  
 But it shall cost me three-score thousand pound,  
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select  
 A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;  
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,  
 Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;

Take

Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.  
 I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,  
 Its situation shall be London road:  
 Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,  
 Which \* Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,  
 For what is beautiful that is not new?  
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye  
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.  
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,  
 What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?  
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,  
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.  
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,  
 Expence and alteration shews a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,  
 And know their several beauties by their price.  
 Auctions and sales I constantly attend,  
 But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.  
 Originals and copies much the same.  
 The picture's value is the painter's name.

\* Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

My Taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,  
I buy no statues that are not obscene.

In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,  
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.

How oft have I with admiration stood,  
To view some city-magistrate in wood !

I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,  
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.

Oh could I view through London as I pass,  
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass :

High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place

His magisterial paunch and griping face ;

Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,

And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,  
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.

But among friends if I the truth might speak,

I like the modern, and despise th' antique.

Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,

To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew,

'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,

A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubeè.

Without Italian, or without an ear,

To Bononcini's music I adhere :

Musical



Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
 And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.  
 My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,  
 In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.  
 Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,  
 I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.  
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,  
 And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.  
 Let Senefino sing, what David writ,  
 And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.  
 Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,  
 And Oratorio was a lucky name.  
 Thou, Heidegger! the English Taste hast found,  
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.  
 In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,  
 Call 'em Ridotto's, and they still go down.  
 Go on prince Phiz! to please the British Nation,  
 Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,  
 And Philosophical Transactions read.  
 Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,  
 Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,  
 Fit company for porters or for peers.

Of every useful knowledge I've a share,  
But my top talent is a bill of fare.

Sir loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,  
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies,

Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,

Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.

Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please,

I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,

And give ten guineas for a pint of peas,

No tattling servants to my table come,

My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,

And of lost hospitality complain.

Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,

Was there mahogena in former days?

Oh! could a British barony be sold!

I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.

Could I the privilege of peer procure,

The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.

To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,

On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.

I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,

And keep my ready money all for play.

I'd

I'd try if any pleasure could be found,  
 In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.  
 Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,  
 And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.  
 But should I meet with an unlucky run,  
 And at a throw be gloriously undone;  
 My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,  
 Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd:  
 My title would preserve me from arrest,  
 And seizing hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,  
 With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.  
 A footman I would be, in outward show,  
 In sense, and education, truly so.  
 As for my head it should ambiguous wear  
 At once a perriwig and its own hair.  
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,  
 And dress and talk of dressing more than they.  
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can;  
 Without black velvet breeches, what is man?  
 I will my skill in button-holes display,  
 And brag how oft I shift me every day.  
 Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made?  
 And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade?



In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace  
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.  
 Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,  
 And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.  
 I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths  
 That belles are less effeminate than beaux,  
 And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,  
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.  
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,  
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine;  
 I would carefs some stableman of note,  
 And imitate his language and his coat.  
 My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,  
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.  
 In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,  
 And sup with Colley Cibber every night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,  
 I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.  
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,  
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead;  
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,  
 I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.

How oft when eminent physicians fail,  
 Do good old women's remedies prevail !  
 When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,  
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.  
 Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,  
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,  
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.  
 Back to your universities, ye fools,  
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools :  
 Those schools which Universities they call,  
 'Twere well for England were there none at all.  
 With ease that loss the nation might sustain,  
 Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.  
 Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,  
 Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden :  
 Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,  
 Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees.  
 Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,  
 Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :  
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;  
 A single eunuch gets a larger sum.  
 Have some of you three hundred by the year ;  
 Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.

Should

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join  
 A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine :  
 Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,  
 For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade,  
 Glad I congratulate the judging age,  
 The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate  
 Of any party, ministers of state :  
 I'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years  
 Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,  
 To give the laws of Taste to human kind.  
 Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,  
 For books, and buildings, politics, and dress,  
 This is true Taste, and whoso likes it not,  
 Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.





A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C O N V E R S A T I O N.

By BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

*Oderunt bilarem tristes, tristemque jocos,*  
*Sedatum celeres, agilem gnarumque remissi.*

HOR.

THE art of converse, how to sooth the soul  
Of haughty man, his passions to controul,  
His pride at once to humble and to please,  
And join the dignity of life with ease,  
Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's hand  
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,  
And taught, when lisping without reason's aid,  
At the same time to speak and to persuade,

WYNDHAM,

WYNDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,  
 Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend ;  
 Who when the world's great commerce shall have join'd  
 The deep reflection, and the strength of mind,  
 To the bright talents of thy youthful state,  
 In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we see  
 Many can rise to a supreme degree ;  
 Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd  
 By nature, scarcely one compleat we find ?  
 You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move,  
 By the strong springs alone of selfish love :  
 Yet among all the species, is there one,  
 Whom with more caution than ourselves, we shun ?  
 What is it fills a puppet-show or court ?  
 Go none but for the profit or the sport ?  
 If so, why comes each foul fatigu'd away,  
 And curses the dull puppets same dull play ;  
 Yet unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go ?  
 'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.  
 And reason good why solitude we flee ;  
 Can wants with self-sufficiency agree ?

Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,  
 We court society, and hate mankind.

With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere :  
 With others, for they're close, reserv'd and queer :  
 This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise ;  
 And that we for his ignorance despise :  
 A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,  
 Then strait ev'n wit itself shall raise dislike ;  
 Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,  
 Behold at once a character destroy'd :  
 One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,  
 He'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing :  
 Another warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,  
 Because he holds the mirror up to vice.  
 No wonder then, since fancies wild as these  
 Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.  
 When Mævi<sup>us</sup>, spite of dullness, will be bright,  
 And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write ;  
 When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,  
 And Macer with his no less airy schemes ;  
 When peevishness, and jealousy and pride,  
 And int'rest that can brother hearts divide,  
 In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,  
 Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit ;  
 Can then, you'll say, philosophy refrain,  
 And check the torrent of each boiling vein ?

Yes.



Yes. She can still do more ; view passion's slave  
With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye  
Scans every man, and every man awry ;  
That reigning passion, which through every stage  
Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage.

No quality so mean, but what can raise  
Some drudging driveling candidate for praise ;  
Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise,  
Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.

Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,  
And thinks he carries his excuse in lace :

You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can ?

Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman :

Myrtilla struts and shudders half the year,

With a round cap, that shews a fine-turn'd ear :

The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death ;

Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.

Ventoso lolls, and scorns all human kind

From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind ;

Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit ?

Mean thought ! he deems it nobler to inherit :

While Fopling from some title draws his pride,

Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd ;

Free-mason, rake, or wit, 'tis just the same,  
 The charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.  
 Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,  
 'Tis not on man an useless burthen laid;  
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd;  
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd;  
 When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound;  
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.  
 Mark ! with what care the fair one's critic eye  
 Scans o'er her dress, nor let's a fault slip by;  
 Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place  
 With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;  
 Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,  
 'Till into modish folds the drapery flows,  
 And the whole frame is fitted to express  
 The charms of decency and nakedness.  
 Why all this art, this labour'd ornament ?  
 To captivate, you'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.  
 True. But let's wait upon this fair machine  
 From the lone closet to the social scene;  
 There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,  
 Paining all others, and herself still more.  
 What means she, at one instant to disgrace,  
 The labour of ten hours, her much-lov'd face ?

Why,

Why, 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd ;  
The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd by pride.

Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,  
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.  
The prudent is by reason only sway'd,  
With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd ;  
The gay and giddy can alone be caught  
By the quick lustre of a happy thought ;  
The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf ;  
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;  
The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste ;  
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast ;  
The steady or the whimsical will blame,  
Either, because you're not, or are the same ;  
The peevish, fullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,  
Will with your virtue, peace, or interest, clash ;  
But mark the proud man's price, how very low !  
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who push'd on by noble ardour, aim  
In social life to gain immortal fame,  
Observe the various passions of mankind,  
General, peculiar, single or combin'd :  
How youth from manhood differs in its views,  
And how old age still other paths pursues ;

How



How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,  
 In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets;  
 How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,  
 Now shock us in the likeness of a bear;  
 How jealousy in some resembles hate,  
 In others, seems but love grown delicate;  
 How modesty is often pride refin'd,  
 And virtue but the canker of the mind;  
 How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,  
 Wear different shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,  
 In taste is found as great variety:  
 Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,  
 His lady hates to death the odious sound:  
 Yet both love music, though in different ways;  
 He in a kennel, she at opera's.  
 A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours,  
 To view the colours in a bed of flowers;  
 Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,  
 He passes on, and only cries, 'tis fine.  
 A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,  
 The mouldy fragment of an author lost,  
 A butterfly, an equipage, a star,  
 A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,

A mistress,

A mistress, or a fashion that is new,  
 Have each their charms, though felt but by a few.  
 Then study each man's passion and his taste,  
 The first to soften, and indulge the last :  
 Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,  
 And deviates from the path of common sense ;  
 Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,  
 The very weakness we with grief behold.  
 Passions are common to the fool and wise,  
 And all would hide them under art's disguise ;  
 For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,  
 None hates them more, than he who has the same,  
 But taste seems more peculiarly our own,  
 And every man is fond to make his known ;  
 Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd  
 By nature to advance him o'er his kind ;  
 And where he sees that character impress'd,  
 With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,  
 To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye :  
 To mark the working mind, when passion's course  
 Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;  
 Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,  
 Observe the moments when they first subside ;

For

For he who hopes a victory to win  
 O'er other men, must with himself begin;  
 Else like a town by mutiny oppress'd,  
 He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast;  
 And they alone, who in themselves oft view  
 Man's image, know what method to pursue.  
 All other creatures keep in beaten ways,  
 Man only moves in an eternal maze:  
 He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,  
 The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion;  
 Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;  
 More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern:  
 Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new;  
 Mistaking still the pleasing for the true;  
 Foe to restraints approv'd by gen'ral voice,  
 Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice:  
 Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease;  
 When most good-natur'd, aiming how to tease:  
 Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,  
 Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:  
 By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain;  
 A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,  
 Not like to CATO or to \* CLINIAS' son;

\* Alcibiades.

This



This for each humour every shape could take,  
 Ev'n virtue's own, though not for virtue's sake;  
 At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,  
 Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux fryar;  
 In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash, and rude;  
 In Asia gay, effeminate and lewd;  
 While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,  
 Could not to save the cause he dy'd for bend:  
 In him 'twas scarce an honour to be good,  
 He more indulg'd a passion than subdu'd.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,  
 When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils!  
 Behold him bending at his idol's feet;  
 Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet;  
 In rivalry not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;  
 Without a rival studious to be lov'd;  
 For ever cheerful, though not always witty,  
 And never giving cause for hate or pity:  
 These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,  
 When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail:  
 And what he does to gain a vulgar end,  
 Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain,  
 Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en:

Fair

Fair virtue admiration may impart ;  
 But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart :  
 It moulds the body to an easy grace,  
 And brightens every feature of the face :  
 It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,  
 And adds persuasion to the finest sense.  
 Yet this, like every disposition, has  
 Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass ;  
 When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,  
 Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay ;  
 Among the good it meets with no applause,  
 And to its ruin the malicious draws :  
 A slave to all, who force it, or entice,  
 It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.  
 'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,  
 It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds ;  
 It cheers the stranger, nay its foes defends,  
 But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach  
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech :  
 In vain Formality, with matron mien,  
 And Pertness apes her with familiar grin :  
 They against nature for applauses strain,  
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain :

She

She moves with easy, though with measur'd pace,  
 And shews no part of study, but the grace.  
 Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,  
 Unless philosophy subdues the mind :  
 'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,  
 Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Would you both please and be instructed too,  
 Watch well the rage of shining to subdue ;  
 Hear every man upon his fav'rite theme,  
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.  
 The lowest genius will afford some light,  
 Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.  
 Doubt, 'till he thinks you on conviction yield,  
 And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd :  
 And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,  
 You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,  
 But are not therefore fit for all alike ;  
 They charm the lively, but the grave offend,  
 And raise a foe as often as a friend ;  
 Like the resistless beams of blazing light,  
 That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.  
 If a bright fancy therefore be your share,  
 Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care ;

'Tis



'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,  
 Unless by constant government kept low;  
 And ne'er inefficacious passes by,  
 But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.  
 Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,  
 That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit;  
 It turns to affectation and grimace,  
 As like to wit, as dulness is to grace.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,  
 Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit:  
 How many, hurried by its force away,  
 For ever in the land of gossips stray!  
 Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,  
 Without her privilege for being dull!  
 Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,  
 Without regard to use or symmetry:  
 So R——, 'till his destin'd space is fill'd,  
 Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.  
 A story should, to please, at least seem true,  
 Be à propos, well told, concise, and new:  
 And whensoever it deviates from these rules,  
 The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.  
 But others, more intolerable yet,  
 The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat;

Heavy

Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,  
 At second-hand, as often as that first.  
 And can even patience hear, without disdain,  
 The maiming register of sense once slain ?  
 While the dull features, big with archness, strive  
 In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,  
 Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze ;  
 'Till on a mate, that seems t' agree, they light,  
 Like man and wife, that still are opposite ;  
 Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,  
 When brought to the last trope of eloquence,  
 Than they on every subject, great or small,  
 At clubs, or councils, at a church, or ball ;  
 Then cry we rob them of their tributes due :  
 Alas ! how can we laugh and pity too ?

While others to extremes as wild will run,  
 And with four face anatomize a pun :  
 When the brisk glass to freedom does intice,  
 And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.  
 But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil ;  
 Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.  
 Cramp not your language into logic rules,  
 To rostrums leave the pedantry of schools ;

Nor let your learning always be discern'd,  
 But chuse to seem judicious more than learn'd.  
 Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,  
 Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well express'd,  
 But lest, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,  
 Know, pedantry can put on every shape:  
 For when we deviate into terms of art,  
 Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.  
 Or if we're ever in the self-same key,  
 No matter of what kind the subject be,  
 From laws of nations down to laws of dress,  
 For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less,  
 As good hear B——y dictate on epistles,  
 Or B——rm——n comment on the Grecian whistles;  
 As old Obefus preach upon his belly,  
 Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli;  
 Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,  
 Or W——d set forth the praise of Kouli-Kan.

But above all things raillery decline,  
 Nature but few does for that task design:  
 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,  
 But never fails to wound the meddling fool:  
 For all must grant, it needs no common art  
 To keep men patient, when we make them smart.

Not



Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,  
 Without good-nature, and much prudence too,  
 To judge aright of persons, place, and time;  
 For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime:  
 And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,  
 Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.  
 Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,  
 And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,  
 The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit  
 All persons right or wrong with random wit.  
 Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,  
 Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;  
 The motley coat gave warning for the jest,  
 Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:  
 But we from high to low all strive to sneer,  
 Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise  
 In men the universal voice of praise,  
 Whether in pleasure or in use they end,  
 There's none that can with modesty contend.  
 'Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,  
 And lets us look on merit with delight:  
 In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems  
 To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams.

Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,  
 Unless its origin be first in thought :  
 Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,  
 And the whole work of art at once defeat.

Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,  
 Unless invited, or in self-defence ;  
 The praise you take, although it be your due,  
 Will be suspected, if it come from you :  
 For each man, by experience taught, can tell  
 How strong a flatterer does within him dwell :  
 And if to self-condemning you incline,  
 In sober sadness, and without design,  
 (For some will slyly arrogate a vice,  
 That from excess of virtue takes its rise)  
 The world cries out, why does he hither come ?  
 Let him do penance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,  
 Though none more common, than to give advice :  
 Misers themselves in this will not be saving,  
 Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having.  
 And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude  
 An useless gift, it meets ingratitude ?  
 Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try ;  
 But if consulted, use sincerity ;

Too

Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,  
 To give it up for any selfish end.  
 But use one caution, sift him o'er and o'er,  
 To find if all be not resolv'd before,  
 If such the case, in spite of all his art,  
 Some word will give the soundings of his heart ;  
 And why should you a bootless freedom use,  
 That serves him not, and may his friendship lose ?  
 Yet still on truth bestow this mark of love,  
 Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.  
 Sincerity has such resistless charms,  
 She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms :  
 No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,  
 Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd :  
 She takes from error its deformity ;  
 And without her, all other virtues die.  
 Bright source of goodness ! to my aid descend,  
 Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend :  
 If still thou deign to set thy foot below,  
 Among a race quite polish'd into show,  
 Oh ! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,  
 Who grants to all all favours, but her heart ;  
 Perverts the end of charming, for the fame ;  
 To fawn, her business ; to deceive, her aim :



She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,  
 Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;  
 Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear;  
 Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer;  
 'Till the kind thing, the company throughout,  
 Distributes all its pretty self about;  
 While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,  
 All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,  
 And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,  
 You stretch the truth in favour of a friend,  
 Be sure it ever aim at some good end;  
 To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,  
 And turn to noble views the love of fame:  
 And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd  
 By sense or truth, be every passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise;  
 Few men deserve our passion either ways:  
 For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,  
 As chance disposes objects, these the will:  
 'Tis but a fee-saw game, where virtue now  
 Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.  
 Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,  
 To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool:

For all that rises to hyperbole,  
 Proves that we err, at least in the degree.  
 But if your temper to extremes should lead,  
 Always upon th' indulging side exceed;  
 For though to blame most lend a willing ear,  
 Yet hatred ever will attend on fear:  
 And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,  
 The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal  
 Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her seal;  
 Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,  
 In other things, each man may see you through:  
 For if the mask of policy you wear,  
 The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Would you be well receiv'd where-e'er you go,  
 Remember each man vanquish'd is a foe.  
 Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,  
 But let the weakest think he's sometimes right;  
 He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,  
 Shall give ten opportunities to shine:  
 He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,  
 That 'tis his interest you should reason well;  
 And though when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,  
 As blust'ring B——y to a brother scholar,

Yet by degrees, inure him to submit,  
 He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.  
 But chiefly against trifling contests guard,  
 'Tis here submission seems to man most hard :  
 Nor imitate that resolute old fool \*,  
 Who undertook to kick against his mule.  
 But those who will not by instruction learn,  
 How fatal trifles prove, let story warn.  
 Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,  
 Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die ;  
 Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd ;  
 'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.  
 One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,  
 They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,  
 When lo ! a doubt is rais'd about a word :  
 A doubt that must be ended by the sword :  
 One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy shame,  
 Because their glossaries were not the same.  
 Could Ba—l—y's self more tenderness have shown  
 For his two tomes of words, though half his own ?  
 For what remains of failings without end,  
 Morals must some, and some the laws must mend.

\* Ctesipho.



While others in such monstrous forms appear,  
 As tongue-ty'd sourness, fly suspicion's leer,  
 Free-fisted rudeness, dropfical pretence,  
 Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence;  
 No caution to avoid them they demand,  
 Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be given,  
 Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,  
 Savage at first, inhabited the wood,  
 And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food;  
 No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,  
 Selfish in good, in ill without ally;  
 'Till some in length of time, of stronger nerve,  
 And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve  
 One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,  
 Brought the whole jarring species to unite.  
 But might we not with equal reason say,  
 That every single particle of clay,  
 Which forms our body, was at first design'd  
 To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd?  
 Can this be said, and can it be allow'd  
 'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd?  
 If so; we own that man, at first, by art  
 Was footh'd to act in social life a part.

'Tis

'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem  
 To contradict this all-uniting scheme :  
 But that no more hurts nature's general course,  
 Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we awhile on lonely man our eyes,  
 And see what frantic scenes of folly rise :  
 In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,  
 Where formal self-presuming Virtue dwells,  
 Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,  
 Of holy puddles, unconfuming graves,  
 Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,  
 And mighty cures by fainted sinners done.  
 Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,  
 And turn the leaves of superstition o'er ;  
 Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,  
 Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe ;  
 \* Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,  
 That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd ;  
 \* Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,  
 \* And breath a thousand years in phials kept ;

\* St. Dominic, vide Jansenius (Nic.)

\* Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

\* Of Joseph, vide Molinæum.

- <sup>f</sup> Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,  
<sup>g</sup> And hell broke loose to make another laugh;  
<sup>h</sup> Obedient fleas, and <sup>i</sup> superstitious mice;  
<sup>k</sup> Confessing wolves, and <sup>l</sup> sanctifying lice;  
<sup>m</sup> Letters and houses by an angel carried;  
<sup>n</sup> And, wond'rous ! virgin nuns to JESUS married.

One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,  
 Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime;

Increases the large catalogue of sins,

And where the sober finish, there begins.

Of death eternal his decree is past,

For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.

While that, as idle, and as pious too,

Compounds with false religion for the true;

He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,

Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes;

And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,

None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.

<sup>f</sup> St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

<sup>g</sup> St. Anthony.

<sup>h</sup> Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

<sup>i</sup> The same life by the same author.

<sup>k</sup> Vide speculum vitæ sancti Francisci.

<sup>l</sup> St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their place again, vide Act. Sanctorum.

<sup>m</sup> From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

<sup>n</sup> Maria de la Visitation, vide her life by Lufignam.



One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock, or hood :  
 The taylor now cuts-out, and men grow good.  
 Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,  
 Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt :  
 While all concur to take away the stress  
 From weightier points, and lay it on the less.  
 Anxious each paltry relique to preserve  
 Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to starve,  
 Harra's'd by watchings, abstinence, and chains ;  
 Strangers to joys, familiar grown with pains ;  
 To all the means of virtue they attend  
 With strictest care, and only miss the end.  
 Can scripture teach us, or can sense persuade,  
 That man for such employments e'er was made ?  
 Far be that thought ! But let us now relate  
 A character as opposite, as great,  
 In him, who living gave to Athens fame,  
 And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame.  
 Great scourge of sophists ! he from heaven brought down,  
 And plac'd true wisdom on th' usurper's throne :  
 Philosopher in all things, but pretence ;  
 He taught what they neglected, common sense.  
 They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule ;  
 He, o'er mankind ; all Athens was his school.

The

The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,  
 Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still greater,  
 With him grew wise; unknowing they were taught;  
 He spoke like them, though not like them he thought:  
 Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted state;  
 But left to women this, to ideots that.  
 View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,  
 Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast;  
 Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,  
 Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life;  
 What moving words flow from his artless tongue,  
 Sublime with ease, with condescension strong!  
 Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame;  
 Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same;  
 The same by friends carefs'd, by foes withstood,  
 Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.  
 Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,  
 Outshine ten thousand monks, though each a saint!

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,  
 And learn to try false merit by the true.  
 We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,  
 The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein;  
 But circulation betwixt mind and mind  
 Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.

When

When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,  
 All nature charms, and every scene looks gay;  
 Each object gratifies each sense in turn,  
 Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn;  
 Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,  
 We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile:  
 'Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,  
 We lay on some main trifle all our stress;  
 When lo! the mistress or the friend betrays,  
 And the whole fancied cheat of life displays:  
 Stun'd with an ill that from ourselves arose;  
 For instinct rul'd, when reason should have chose;  
 We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,  
 Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.  
 But let no obstacles that cross our views,  
 Pervert our talents from their destin'd use;  
 For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,  
 Our views will be obstructed less and less.  
 Be all false delicacy far away,  
 Lest it from nature lead us quite astray;  
 And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,  
 Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase;  
 Since God with reason joins to make us own,  
 That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

O D E;





ODE, to a LADY.

On the Death of Col. CHARLES ROSS, in the  
Action at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

By Mr. W. COLLINS.

**L.**  
**W**HILE, lost to all his former mirth,  
BRITANNIA'S genius bends to earth,  
And mourns the fatal day;  
While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear  
Unseemly from his sea-green hair  
The wreaths of cheerful May;

**H.**  
The thoughts which musing pity pays,  
And fond remembrance loves to raise,  
Your faithful hours attend;  
Still fancy, to herself unkind,  
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,  
And points the bleeding friend.

**III. By**

III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave  
His country's vows shall bless the grave,  
Where-e'er the youth is laid:  
That sacred spot the village hind  
With every sweetest turf shall bind,  
And peace protect the shade.

IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,  
Aërial forms shall sit at eve  
And bend the pensive head!  
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,  
Imperial Honour's awful hand  
Shall point his lonely bed!

V.

The warlike dead of every age,  
Who fill the fair recording page,  
Shall leave their fainted rest:  
And, half-reclining on his spear,  
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,  
To hail the blooming guest.

VI.

Old EDWARD's sons, unknown to yield,  
Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,  
And gaze with fix'd delight ;  
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,  
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,  
And wish th' avenging fight.

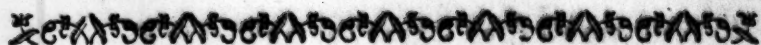
VII.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,  
These pictur'd glories nought impart  
To dry thy constant tear ;  
If yet in sorrow's distant eye,  
Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,  
Wild war insulting near,

VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'st relief,  
The Muse shall still with social grief  
Her gentle promise keep :  
Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale  
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,  
And bid her shepherds weep.





O D E,

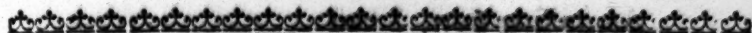
Written in the same Year.

By the Same.

**H**OW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping HERMIT there !

O D E



## ODE to EVENING.

By the Same.

**I**F aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste EVE, to sooth thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales,  
O NYMPH reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd fun  
Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts  
With brede ethereal wove,  
Oe'rhang his wavy bed:  
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,  
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.  
Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,

As musing slow, I hail

Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shews

His paly circlet, at his warning lamp

The fragrant Hours, and Elves

Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,

And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,

The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'refs, where some sheety lake

Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,

Or up-land fallows grey

Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,

Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,

Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,

And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky veil.

While



While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport

Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;

Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,

And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the Sylvan shed,

Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, rose-lip'd HEALTH,

Thy gentlest influence own,

And hymn thy fav'rite name!



VERSES written on a BLANK LEAF,

By Lord LANSDOWN, when he presented his  
Works to the Queen, 1732.

A Muse expiring, who with earliest voice, [choice,  
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her  
Now on her death-bed, the last homage pays,  
O Queen, to thee; accept her dying lays.

A a 3

So

So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries  
 To warble one note more, and singing dies.  
 Hail mighty Queen, whose powerful smiles alone  
 Command obedience and secure the throne.  
 Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,  
 Had puzzled Loyalty for half an age :  
 Conqu'ring our hearts you end the long dispute ;  
 All who have eyes confess you absolute ;  
 To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,  
 And in your person own the right divine.  
 Thus sung the Muse, in her last moments fir'd  
 With CAROLINA's praise, and then expir'd.



### ADVICE to a Lady in AUTUMN.

**A** SSES milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before ;  
 Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.  
 At nine stretch your arms, and oh ! think when alone,  
 There's no pleasure in bed.—MARY, bring me my gown ;  
 Slip on that ere you rise ; let your caution be such ;  
 Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much ;

I

Your

Your pinners set right, your twitcher ty'd on,  
 Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done ;  
 Retire to some author, improving and gay,  
 And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day.  
 At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,  
 The sun, like your wit, is as mild, as 'tis clear :  
 But mark in the meadows the ruin of Time ;  
 Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime.  
 Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;  
 For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.  
 With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,  
 Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit :  
 Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round ;  
 As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.  
 After dinner two glasses at least, I approve ;  
 Name the first to the king, and the last to your love :  
 Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,  
 And calm with your joys gently glide thro' the day.  
 The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;  
 Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.  
 Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,  
 Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.  
 All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind ;  
 And those you may end, when you please to be kind.



On a LADY's drinking the BATH Waters.

**T**HE gushing streams impetuous flow,  
 In haste to DELIA's lips to go,  
 With equal haste and equal heat,  
 Who would not rush those lips to meet?  
 Blefs'd envy'd streams, still greater bliss  
 Attends your warm and liquid kiss.  
 For from her lips your welcome tide  
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide;  
 There fill each swelling globe of love,  
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move.  
 From hence in soft meanders stray,  
 And find at last the blissful way  
 Which thought may paint, tho' verse mayn't say. }  
 Too happy rival dwell not there  
 To rack my heart with jealous care,  
 But quit the blest abode, though loth,  
 And quickly passing, ease us both.

VERSES

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VERSES written in a LADY'S SHERLOCK  
upon Death.

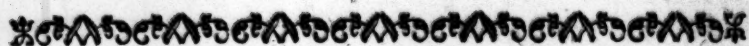
**M**istaken fair, lay Sherlock by,  
His doctrine is deceiving;  
For whilst he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon without a master;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest  
With mutual inclination;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me at least your Sherlock give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G.



S O N G.

**W**HEN Fanny blooming fair  
First caught my ravish'd sight,  
Struck with her shape and air,  
I felt a strange delight :  
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
Admiring every part,  
And every feature prais'd,  
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
Ten thousand loves appear ;  
There Cupid basking lies,  
His shafts are hoarded there ;  
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
With colour all their own,  
Excelling far the pride  
Of roses newly blown.

Her



Her well-turn'd limbs confess

The lucky hand of Jove ;

Her features all express

The beauteous queen of love :

What flames my nerves invade,

When I behold the breast

Of that too charming maid

Rise, suing to be press'd !

Venus round Fanny's waist

Has her own Cestus bound,

With guardian Cupids grac'd,

Who dance the circle round.

How happy must he be,

Who shall her zone unloose !

That bliss to all, but me,

May heaven and she refuse.

S O N G.



S O N G.

**W**Henever, Chloe, I begin  
Your heart like mine to move,  
You tell me of the crying sin  
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,  
Which gave to Chloe birth?  
How can those joys but be divine,  
Which make a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd,  
By some sly fallacy,  
And disobey'd God's great command,  
Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime; content:  
Yet this allow you must,  
More joy's in heav'n if one repent,  
Than over ninety just.

Sin

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,  
Repent and be forgiven;  
Bless me, and by repentance make  
A holy day in heaven.







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